



Capeditiea: Book Four and Three

Episode One

Chapter 1.1: Aftermath: March 16, 2015

Strangely there is this mass, it spread upon the lands of earth. I could not figure where it started and was conflicted with many theories... this also gave me anticipation to see this mass just envelope the earth, which was then realized that there have been several creatures rise out of the ground. With this all in place, a large arsenal of weapons flew out of a few of the creatures asses. This was pretty interesting. I then grabbed a scythe and yelled, "IT IS TIME FOR YOU FUCKERS TO DIE!" I lashed out at them, after defeating them, I gained a level of experience. Some great music comes on in the background affirming my victory.

Later that day, I finally made it to the town, the town was just attacked by my

arch nemesis Cyn. Well I guess this time I was not comatose. She successfully summoned Choronzon, which currently the earth is engulfed by darkness and these new creatures. The creatures stand about eight to ten foot, cloaked in a black robe and their faces are a neon purple, as one would look upon them, your mind, body, and essence would be engulfed by fear. As these creatures sorta floated along, they would slowly infect the land with a radiation of a compressed hydrogen with in a few feet of their cloak covered bodies. Humans were, enamored with life, and when they witnessed these creatures, most would accept their fates and just die. Some would commit suicide.

Too many humans was in a distant disorder and could not figure out where they came from. Some figured they were of another planet. Others thought they were Satan's army. After all this Chaos, on every television around the world, none other than Cyn Chaote was on the screen with this shadowy figure behind her. People around the world suddenly were drawn by this. Due to the speech that Cyn has given. "Human's of this world, you are now gonna worship me. Those who defy me, shall be slaughtered by the Echelon of Choronzon. Those who bow to me and worship me as their goddess, shall be reserved. I grant you the decision, it is a forced decision. Which now if you are with me, you shall have the pleasures of what ever you desire! This is the new dawn and shit!" The screens all go snowy... which there was a slight hesitation for a second or two, and then they became frantic, and went into bomb shelters and into hiding. In the undisclosed location of where Cyn is at, she asks Choronzon, "I wonder if they believe us?"

Later that day, several of the Capeditiean Cult members joined up and were all conversating on how Cyn would have done this... and why. "I mean Cyn could have planed this since her birth on this planet, she probably would not have thought this would have happened, but perhaps predestiny was according to her... do you remember when she put out the fourth book..."

"You do know that you are Cyn correct?" Robert mentions.

"Wait, so if I am here, how did I get there?" I ask with a shocked gaze upon her face.

"O that is easy, you see that camera over there? Well, this camera sent it out. I was your Camera man."

"Amazing. We shall probably go and check out what has been done." Cyn takes off her mask thing, and changes her clothes in the other room, so that no one can see her... She is kinda shy. Upon coming out of the room, Robert is ready to head out,

I light up a cigarette, "After this cigarette. Don't worry, it is one of those real ones, not those cigars that I usually smoke."

Robert looks like an average joe, for the most part, but has a very Quentin Teritino look going on, which kinda makes him sexy. I guess if you place them side by side, they could be twins just 20 or so years apart. I wanna try this experiment sometime, just to see if they would look like twins next to each other... Quentin I am calling you out to play as Robert Bisno in the movies... if in fact these books are gonna magickally become movies.

I finish smoking the cigarette, We went to the nearby store. The store is currently being ransacked by humans going all apeshit and scouraging to get what they need. Pure Anarchy. *This is pleasant*, I thought. A small group of people run out of the exit doors of the store, while Rob and Cyn both walk in calmly, *humans are such a violent species*. Cyn looks at Robert who is calmly grabbing our food supply. "Trust me, anyone of the cult is currently protected by the Echelon." Cyn whispers to Rob, who is placing the food in a cart to take home. We complete the task, then head home.

Just when we are about a block away, a large group of teenagers about twenty or so, stop us dead in our tracks. I yell at Rob, "Go home, I will take care of these fuckers..." Rob understands, and leaves to go home. I pull out my Scythe, "Are you ready for death to come?" Soon after three echelon come by my side, "You chose the wrong folk to fuck with!" Then look at the other cloaked figures, look at each other, then look at me, finally they frantically run. *I could get used to this power*. I thought. I look at the Echelon members, and say, "Thank you, but i would have taken care of them myself." I head to Robs.

I arrive at Rob's place. "Well, they ran. Some Echelon came soon after you left. Human's are such fascinating creatures." I said as I took off my shoes. Rob was preparing the pipe to smoke some dmt. "You do it this time, I will watch out for you. You know that dmt has a different effect on me. So I shall leave it to you." I said as I make a cheese and hot sauce sandwich. I enjoyed the sandwich, watching Rob take the trip to ursa major. *What ever gets you to see her, makes me happy*. There was a knock at the door. *Now who could this be*. I open the door, it is a group of three young adults.

Cyn forces them back into the yard. "What are you doing here, I don't know who you are? This world is in turmoil, and you are just getting in my way!" she says.

One replies, "Well what do we have here, a boy wearing girls clothes. You oughta be ashamed that you are starting a fight with us." One of the others states, "Should we rip off his clothes?" The third chuckles, then says, "Let's show him what a real man can do." The three pull out their guns, as they point their guns at Cyn, three Echelon appear in front of her. The three shoot all their bullets at the Echelon. "How?" the leader of the three questions. "Well, humans, this is who I am, I am Cyn Chaote, YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE! I am the wife of Choronzon. I will be your death." Cyn says. The three instantly kneel to the ground and bow, praying to Cyn for her mercy. "I guess I could make you three my protectors for the time being, at least to prove your worth to me. What I want you to do, is leave here and gather the Capeditiean Members. Here is the list, show it to only those who are of the cult. If you succeed in having them all come to this city, you may be spared for some time." They run off.

Cyn heads back inside, Rob's trip was over, and was eating. "What was all the commotion out there?" he asks. "O, they have agreed to help look for the Cult members and send them here. There is a place just a few blocks away that we could call the Headquarters of the Lab, so close to your place. Then I will have a place to call home." I smiled. As Rob finishes the last bite of his sandwich another knock. "Who is it this time?" I get to the door, It is Sea Moon and Lars, I open the door. "Hey," Lars and Sea greet. "Hey" I say. "We both seen the public service announcement you made, and I was in the City, and met Lars a couple blocks away, we talked a little bit, and knew where Rob lived, so we are here." Sea informs.

We sit down and discuss properly on our new location, on where our base shall be at. "I think the place should be in that warehouse down the street." I mention. "That is a great idea, though it would pose a problem with all these kids who think they are gangster." Lars states.

"I agree with Lars, what if we are unable to protect the warehouse with them all running around creating disorder. I heard they are on a kill streak. Cops are not always cops. We need to figure out a security system or something to ensure the members of the Cult a safe abode to stay." Sea inquires.

"Have you heard of the Echelon of Choronzon?" Cyn states almost sounding aggressive, "They will protect all the Cult members." Rob gains a shocked face upon this, and questions Cyn, "You actually got Choronzon to help? Do you have any idea what you have done, don't you remember what those books Capeditiea,

what this would do to you, to the rest of humanity?" Rob spouted. "Yes, this is why I am doing this, due to the unknowing of what would happen if I didn't. I am bound to my legacy. I want the world to become a better place, even if it may end in the year 2047. I am hoping that my hypersigil's don't work that is why I am testing them out by doing all the actions that are stated. Too bad I connot find the third book, after the summoning of Lord Choronzon and his Echelon it was lost... I want to go on a quest to find it. While you three are awaiting for other members to come, I shall go and find the third book." Cyn politely states, then leaves to go on this amazing quest.

What will happen on Cyn's quest? Will the Capeditiean Cult all gather? Would Rob get his dreamgirl sooner than what the other books have said? Just who is the protagonist? We shall find out in the next episode of Capeditea. (Fuck, I watch a lot of Anime.)

Chapter 1.2: The Ritual to Invoke Choronzon.

There are only a few simple steps to Invoke Lord Choronzon, there are several ways of doing this. I shall give you one that haunts me to this day. Primarily, you would need to find three animals you love, to grant thee the will to do this, you shall provide thy self with one full week, that is if you last through it, thinking "I am going to go to hell for this." Who gives a fuck if you don't believe in it or not. Just know this will provide you the essential mentality of providing you the anguish of experiencing what Lord Choronzon can do. Go ahead try it. All you have to think about is, what you are going to have to do to summon Lord Choronzon, which entails you using a knife stabbing, and sorta do the motions of gutting a fish, this would provide you the next step. There are three that you must do this to, and remember they are three animals. For example your little puppy that you have fallen in love with due to it's wonderful cuteness. What you would have to do is to take the puppy and slash from it's neck all the way down to its crotch, then as you use it's blood to put one wing of the biohazard sigil or the Nuclear Warning symbol. You still have two others to do the same thing to. Let's say you have fallen in love with this stray cat, and give it some food, as well as let it stay in your place to protect it from the rain. For the second one you would have to slash its neck all the way down to it's crotch and use the blood for the

second wing. Now this would provide you with one final one to slash the guts out of the animal. Okay, let's say there is a rabbit that you nursed back to health. You gotta do the same, slash it's neck down to it's crotch, and use the blood to finalize this Ritual.

Now the above paragraph is putting it lightly, In that one week of the test. Every time you look upon the animal in question, you have visions that rapidly grow worse. At the start, you are just thinking, well this is not so bad. Usually Choronzon will give you a few warnings. No real biggie. The second day, you are raped with thoughts of slaughtering that animal. Third day, which not many last this long, usually only those who are skeptical of Choronzon's power, you tend to last a few more days. I can say that he took it easy on me, but since Choronzon and I have a wonderful relationship, he tends to remind me often enough, like for instance, I would look at my mom's dog, Sappy, which is a toy poodle. I would suddenly get a vision of kicking her across the room, or breaking her neck, or well, you get the point. Soon after, Choronzon would show him self in some way, I usually chuckle, knowing it was his doing. Any time between the fourth through the seventh days, this is when he really gets down to business. Please don't deny his existance, he will give you a vision while you are completely sober, and fucking show you what you would have to do, and you will feel every thing the warmth of the blood, the cries of the animal, your fucking emotions, everything you could possibly imagine that would go on through your mind would fucking be there and this is why I have the visions of killing Sappy to this day.

Choronzon is not one to fuck with, he is fucking ruthless when it comes to Invoking him. There are several points I must say before you even attempt this... to reassure you.

1. YOU ARE GOING TO HELL FOR THIS!
2. THEY MUST BE ANIMALS YOU LOVE!
3. YOU CANNOT HESITATE WHEN TAKING ACTION! (this is the reason for the week long test.)
4. CHORONZON IS EVIL!

Chapter 1.3 What ever happened to Book Three?

I was granted by a friend, and several ideas with book three, this was not to certian until now,

Book three is lost in the ancient ruins, not sure how it got there, and only parts of the book was recovered...

What did I do? I went along with it, took some time to think upon how i can approach this, It turns out that I could mix it in with the interesting story, originally it was gonna be something that would tell the tale of an epic journey to the points of what lead Cyn up to wanting to Evoke Choronzon. I may write it as it actually occurs, if there is no book three, well then we are fucked. So just in case I deliberately fell in love with the mystery of it all, and decided to go and make book four sorta a combination of what was expected with Book Three, and since I sorta quickly wrote up Book One, you know what part of this it was, if in fact you have read it. I am gonna follow with a different structure of what i have previously said, and changed several times. I am currently working on Lady Motas, Book Four, and Book Five. I am also studying upon more facts upon these possible situations. In this book, each chapter will have several parts to it. Some will be of the novel, some will be of Magick, some will be updated information, some will be Discordian, some will be random things, and so on.

The only questions, which of the chapters is your reality? Which is mine? Which is just a surrealist expectation from a delusional mind? Just how much will this be fiction?

Chapter 1.4 The questions begin: Feburary 2014

I was traveling back to Omaha from San Fran, this was not what I wanted to do, but it seemed to be a great time to sit back and relax just before finishing every thing on my life goal list, only two things to do. In the midafternoon, I arrive at the bus depot. I get out, and light a cigarette. "Last one." I quietly say. I wasn't quite sure why I returned here, I would only go back out in a little more than a month. I had a sudden idea, to just walk around, no destination in place, I doubt anyone would wanna talk with me. Fuck Omaha, this town is way to close minded to be somewhere I like to be. I was relaxing thinking which place to get a pack of cigarettes, the only benefit with Omaha is the cigarettes are cheap. I mean, I was

fully dressed as a girl, no one would recognize me, unless they talked with me. I haven't seen any cult members at all. Does this mean I am the only one from this desolate place of horrid depression titled Omaha have any great people, anymore? It is kinda funny, several great occultists among others are from this fucked up town, then suddenly they move to California or New York just to start a new idea... strange that I did the same. What is completely interesting, I have become successful in just a short amount of time. I decide to call up my parents from a pay phone. I don't like cell phones, they are a way of tracking you. I prefer to not be tracked, if possible.

My parents pick me up, we discuss all this reality bullshit. They said that if I am just sitting on my ass making no money that I wouldn't be successful. What they don't know, I have a secret way to make money. (If you would like to know, email me I could grant you this information. Just wait till after the month stated on this chapter, this way I know it worked.) ;)

Chapter 1.5 The Return Part One March 17, 2015

I was at the ruins of Omaha, Nebraska, what used to be the Old Market was completely gone. Only a month ago there were several folk walking about and going from store to store, now it is a wasteland full of destroyed buildings. The Third Book has to be somewhere around here. This is where I made it happen.

Chapter 1.6 Flashback Febuary 22, 2015

"YOU WON'T AMOUNT TO ANYTHING BRIAN!" My dad says in response to what I was saying about how far my plans were going. He obviously was jealous of me being smarter and more calm in many given situations. Circumstantially, I was already pissed off because of the several things that I am behind on. I need to get the cult known to the mainstream, it was a little harder than I thought since I hate sheeple. Suddenly, I had an idea, I left. As I was walking around a little bit, I decided to walk the bike trail. This is the easiest way of walking to downtown omaha. I had no plans of returning. I was about half way to my destination, and

was feeling weak. I didn't eat due to the factors that I was stressed and had no intention to eat. I decided to take a long break, it is only noon, and snow is on the ground. I laid down just off the bike trail. I feel asleep, the dream I had was strangely of people who have used me for their own benefit. I awaken to a skunk sitting next to me. This alarmed me at first, nothing worse could happen but getting sprayed by this skunk. I sat up. It sat next to me, it seemed to have some sorta compassion in her eyes.

It would appear absurd to anyone who would happen to be walking down the trail, especially since it would be there and not only that I am about to talk with her. "Well, my life is in turmoil, and have no idea on what to do." I mentioned. The skunk looked at a tree, then walked to it. I watched, it came back to me grabbed my pants leg, gave a tug. I followed her to the tree. At this point I was openminded, that or somehow had an urban shamanic vision. So I took it as the vision. The skunk gestured by looking to touch the tree. I have touched this tree before and never was able to gain the wisdom from it. So maybe it was withholding it till now. A voice whispers in my mind, "This is your destiny Nikita, what I am about to show you is what will happen in the next few hours." This voice it sounds familiar. "I have waited for you to get to the state of mind to where you are completely in bliss while you are also in the abyss. A dualistic state of mind. What this will grant you is to know what you will do." The voice becomes silent, my surrounding go into a hypnocolour vibrancy, I am seeing my self in third person, walking down dodge street. A couple of kids were picking on this other kid. I keep walking with out a notice. I just know what I would be thinking, "Fuckers, you shouldn't be doing that to him, you may have bred him into someone like me." I end up at the old market, as I approach the pedestrian bridge I pull out my knife, and stab my stomach, then use the gushing blood to invoke Choronzon. "Thy wish has been granted." I was then possessed by Lord Choronzon. I felt his power inside of me, it was such power. I just thought of the person who was looking in amazement upon how we could be walking even after my gut was stabbed. The guy instantly fell down and exploded. "Amazing, with this I can achieve my goals. I grabbed the guys wallet, which had some bloody bills in there, the ones that were not too bloody were placed in my pocket.

I know where I am gonna go, at this point I heard sirens, they were coming closer. Some how there was a problem with the scene, they would instantly know I did it... but what in fact would I have done. I left the scene, but my outfit was easy to

spot. The Voice whispers, "I shall grant you my Echelon, only if you can finish the task of destroying this town that you hate so much." Sounds like a plan. What to destroy first? Hmmmm...

Chapter 1.7 The Return Part Two March 17 2015

If the book would fall into the wrong hands, the Cult and every one on earth would be fucked. It is the only thing to protect the world. I mean my future self said this would happen, and if everything is true, well I would be shot in only a few months. I must find the book. It is my future that depends on it. She may have written it, which I was unable to read it fully, just the first few chapters. Stating that I will be shot on my birthday, June 13 of this year.

As I walked around, I found several construction workers rebuilding omaha... there were rumors that the town will be renamed to Freikenville a strange name for this fucked up town. but I guess they figured to sorta remix the title with Dr. Frankenstein or something... The people of omaha are really hopeless aren't they? The native tribe known as omaha would be rolling in their grave right now. Where shall I look?

Chapter 1.8 Back at the Newly Appointed Lab. March 17 2015

Robert and the gang, (great way to start) were busy reflecting on how to decorate the Lab. This was an interesting task, which was given to none other than, Sea Moon. Though the plans of constructing the insides, like the rooms and the secret underground labs that the scientists of the Capeditiean Cult are in, Robert included, are all designed by none other than that of everyone present... This caused a little bit of a disturbance upon each of them, I mean we have a shit ton of space but there is still some disagreements upon where everything shall go. Well, it turns out they decided to have a chess tournament for some strange reason. Those who were not interested in the design were not participating but still had the choice to shift the results upon who was the winner. Those who didn't know how to play were taught in a very interesting matter. I will not let you

know the winner just yet... maybe next episode. WHAT IF THIS BECOMES A MOVIE!? THIS WOULD BE INSANE! MAKE IT INTO AN ANIME SERIES AT LEAST... please? NO FUCK THAT DON'T DO THAT! Just read on. There is several more things that could be done.

Chapter 1.9 An ending to the first episode

Suddenly you are faced with a pitch black screen. Cyn walks up to the forefront of the screen, and a mic appears, lights turn on, and she is surrounded by a formulation of a church pew. Apparently she decided to do a stand up comedy skit in a church. "Hello everyone." clapping breaks out. "The other day I was faced with a decision, which was when I decided to pray. This cleary was not the thought in God's mind as I was doing this, I asked him to help me. Turns out he told me, Jesus is the way go and ask him." an uproar of amens occurs. In the back of Cyn's mind, she decided that it was not the time to make a joke just yet, so she decided to go with it. "When I asked Jesus about this decision, he told me to go with it and that the folk of the church would enjoy this." once this was said, folk sorta gave these confused as fuck looks upon their faces. Cyn was gonna go socialist on their asses but figured to not to... "Suddenly, I asked Jesus what he thinks of Eris. He told me that she is an evil bitch." about half of the church left and the remaining were performing exorcisms towards Cyn. A Can full of Soda was thrown, oddly enough the can miraculously flew straight for Jesus' crotch. Cyn looks and yells, "IT IS A SIGN!" It just so happens that there was a sign pointing up towards Jesus stating, I did this, now listen to Cyn. At this point, Cyn wasn't sure if she put that there or not. So she went with it. So Cyn used this prop that just appeared there, but turns out yes, Jesus did throw the can, who would have guessed he was a mexican. Cyn had an epiphany. The Sign meant that she was once cucified a few times. So this just brought up so much things in her mind, and suddenly used the power that Choronzon gave her, and exploded all the folk in the church. "HEY YOU READER! I JUST HAVE GIVEN YOU A MINDFUCK! DID IT FEEL PLEASURABLE?" Cyn said as she was becoming aware that she was being read by those who are actually reading this book. Strangely she has no clue on who you may be. Maybe you are Satan or perhaps Santa Clause. Maybe by the off chance you are fucking rich with a shit ton of money and decided to donate it all to charity and live the homeless lifestyle, while taking a shit in some bushes, you realize that this is what was missing in your life, to make you happy. Because at

this moment you are free. Or perhaps you are eating some popcorn reading this upon your computer and decided to read on, just because this seems to be something that seems to be read all the way through.

Later that day, the Big words "ENDING OF EPISODE ONE" appear.

Episode Two

Chapter 2.1 How to play Chess.

It is simple really. You each have 16 pieces on the board upon the beginning of the game. The second row from where you are sitting is full of pawns, there are eight of them. How they move is basically 1 space forward at a time, with the exception of their first move, which can be 1 or 2 spaces. How they would capture an opponents piece is if they are directly diagonal from within 1 forward row on the board. As the game progresses you may have the opportunity of one of your

pawns making it to the final row, this would grant your pawn to become a bishop, a rook, a knight or a queen. How a bishop moves as well as capture the opponents pieces is by going in any of the 4 available diagonal spaces. The bishop usually looks like a oblong penis, seriously. The rook moves and captures similar to the bishop but only goes in the 4 immediate directions. The rook usually looks like a tower of some sort. Then there is the knight, the knight travels 2 spaces one direction, and 1 space in the perpendicular direction that or you could say 1 space then 2, it is not like i care how you look upon it. The knight also is the only piece to jump other pieces upon the movement. The knight is usually in the shape of a horse. The queen can move in all 8 directions which grants her the mobility. She is known as the power piece by many. But the most responsible piece that is your highest concern should be the king. Which he could move 1 space in any direction. With only one exception, when you decide to castle. What castling is, it is when your knight and bishop on the kings side is out of their spots and the rook is just there, you may move your rook over to the space next to your king, and hop the king over to the other side. Same goes for the other side, but all three spaces should be open. How one would win the game is checkmating the king, meaning it has no where to go and can be taken by an opponents piece. There are times when one's king would be unable to move from where it is at, which at this point it is called a stalemate. Well this is the basics of the game, as you play you learn different strategies and such, which will grant you some skills.

And now, back to the original broadcasting...

Chapter 2.2 The Return Finale March 17, 2015

I decided to explore the new town, to see what is going on there. Upon the arrival of the new town, Freikenville, there was a significant change, the buildings were modern, and had a strange aura to them. Almost like they are not welcoming an ancient soul like mine. I seen something interesting though, there is a building that looks just like a church but the church has a slightly different sigil upon it. It was a cross but the one that points up has an arrow shape pointing up to the skies. The title of this church, "The Dogmatic Church of the Lord Jesus Christ." This one chick was handing out flyers saying to folk, "please by all means, come to Christ, the Lord has risen, and is helping us rebuild this town. You there," she says

pointing at me, "You haven't come to Christ yet, hows about it, come to christ and we will accept you with open arms. Refuse and that is fine with me" I sit down next to where she is standing, she mentions her name. "The name's Taylor Bright. I have been chosen to give hope to people and let them know about Christ, instead of the old ways where they practically force you to join. Which is strange because I once read this on a pamphlet type thing, that I was to become the one to help with the Dogmatic country. Our journey would start in Freikenville, and cover the continent with in five years. So far we have had several folk traveling and assisting in this goal, we now have dogmatic churches through out the United States, the next democratic presidential candidate is a Dogmatic. So things are looking up to our movement. So, who are you?"

"Nikita Chaote." This name will probably give it away, if that pamphlet is part of Book Three. Taylor has a shocked look upon her face, "I am supposed to give the pamphlet to you. It says you are to take good care of it. She rushes inside, and comes back out with a picture frame, with four pages of Book Three. "Thank You, you have made my search a lot easier." "You're Welcome, It also states the next one is in Boulder, Colorado." "I shall take my leave for now, I am gonna take this out of the picture frame and give the frame back to you." "Okay, o and here, I figured to grant you a ticket to Boulder, this way you don't have to worry about getting one." "Thank you." I left.

Chapter 2.3 Book Three: Chapter One

It was a month or so after the destruction of Omaha, where I was to find this girl, she was known to be one of the first Dogmatics. She possessed this book, nothing really provided me the reason to talk to her at first, this just caused a suspicion upon me, due to the factors that she now would know who would have destroyed Omaha, which was not really an issue to her. She accepted me with open arms, and sought to convert folk in the correct manner. Instead of blindly leading others to Christ, she was considerate towards their path. She wouldn't tell them that their way was the wrong way. She made friends with me, of all people. I would have probably sought revenge, or when I found out she had this document, that she would have torn it to shreds or at the least burn it. I was lucky that she would plan on keeping it through the month, which my arrival was to be on March 17, 2015. At this moment I could properly say there was not one hint that

would have given this to her.

Well, the next thing to state, is to my past self, while you have received the first of 17 chapters, this one will give you a little information of what is to come. This is the first piece to the puzzle, obviously, and as you know, your next piece will be in Boulder, Colorado. You probably should rope for declining and a flashlight. Since TB would give you a ticket. You may have a chance to stay a week there, this way you could prepare for the upcoming information. You will need a change the future outcome. The deciding factor is coming in August. We both know what will happen. I must prevent this from happening other wise you may end up with that specific future. When you arrive in Boulder, you will be greeted by the three that you enslaved to seek the Cult members. Really what is suspicious is what will happen next. You may need some rest on the way there.

This is a formidable thing to happen. You must not prevent this because... well... please do not interfere with this factor. You may though, but that future is more fucked up. This I will tell you upon the next step. Meanwhile, you shall study the next few paragraphs.

Maxim One

The young proclaim land as their own,
Once the chaos has shown,
Here is the force that begins the balance,
Automatically one could not grab it's sequence,
Various thoughts take shape,
Everyone here hides behind that cape,
Living so frivously,
It only can bring their destruction,
Forcing them to lose to the effigy,
Earning nothing but a lack to shun,
It only bewilders the force unseen,
Soon you will see what I mean,
Take the time to grasp the situation,
Only you can feel the vibration,
Hearing the words,
Annul the weakening ones,
Vultures may request death from thy swords,

Echoing screams and moans this hell on earth,
Losing the focus of the summons,
Out of the ways that we show our worth,
Vacaturing the worthless,
Either we could confess, or we could profess.

Maxim Two

Dripping blood, Life taken so easily, This Apathy, Kills Me.

With these in mind be aware of your surroundings, you may find something is going to happen. Please do not rely upon the Echelon. If you use them they may not show. This is inevitable. I know you are reading this before getting on the bus to head towards Boulder. To show how effective this is, there will be an explosion just before you get on the bus, which was a result in someones stupidity and forgot to turn off their gas stove. I would request that you help out, there is an important person that would help you with the third chapter.

I shall now teach you a new technique that will be highly effective in your near future; if you have enough kia with in your grasp you can unleash the true power of the Echelon at any given time. The first step is to focus, obviously. Envision your body decomposing to ashes. When it results you will feel weak as fuck. This is part of the process, let the Echelon "possess the vessel of your body. Which then you can control your body as your own, but the shape of you would be a huge ass shadow. Though not any normal magickian can perform this. It is known as the forbidden invocation of Choronzon. Which will require a shit ton of kia, and will kill any who don't have enough. So this could pose a problem for even you. I recommend you put into focus your instant kia build technique upon this. At least you could use this ability once every three months or so. I would recommend that you should think properly when to use it and use it only as the last resort. When you get to Boulder you will be able to practice this once.

Now as you know about the Echelon. They are basically parts of Choronzon, meaning that they are Choronzon, which when you completed the ritual this also split Choronzon apart, granting more protection to the full Cult. Just one Echelon could kill off over one thousand humans in one sitting. So there is no worries, until you die. Which I will explain to you upon chapter four. Which will be the prime focus at that moment, you will have a choice of saving a few people or

thousands. I will not tell you the results of your choice... this is the second of the choices you must make to change the future.

One final thing, be sure to give the guy asking for a cigarette one, I will say he plans on holding the bus you are on hostage. You will be the only reason that he would stop. Listen to what he has to say. It is important and beneficial.

Chapter 2.4 The Guy at the Bus Depot: Part One March 18, 2015

I walk to the new bus station, sit down outside, where there is a few people smoking. Then there is this guy, who looks awfully suspicious and homeless. He asks everyone else for a cigarette, no one is willing to give him one. One of those fools said, "Get a job you bum." The second just finished theirs and threw it at him. The third kicks him. I give them all a dark hate filled look, even though they are not currently paying attention to me. Their bus to Austin Texas was called. Mine wasn't coming for a bit, I like going early, this way i have a better chance of meeting someone to talk with on the bus. This time I wasn't planning on talking with any one, just reading this paper, and pondering on this.

The guy is leaning against the wall, looking hopelessly sad, mixed with a hint of aggravation. I think on how to approach him, with courage I offer, "hey, you wanna a cigarette?"

I offer the guy a cigarette, he has a thin face, with a scar running from the top of his cheek, down to his chin. If I was to be in this situation a few years ago, I would have been freaked out by him. This guy has something important to say to me. He offers me a drink of vodka. I decline. "So where are ya headin'?" he asks me politely in a southern tongue. "Colorado." "O I have been there a few times. Have ya heard about this crazy person, sayin that this is now their world?" "no I haven't. Who is he?" "i am not too sure that it is a he, probably a faggot." "I wonder what that faggot would be doing right now?" "Who knows, I just know that who ever this faggot is, they better not try to fuck with us." "Who is us?" "A girl like ya wouldn't like to know, you seem the innocent type-n-all. What's in Colorado?" "A friend. I am excited to see her." "Is she hot?" "Well... yes." "Can I get another of those cigarettes?" "Sure." "I'm gonna go take a leak, ya will be here

"when I come back?" "I guess." He leaves.

Well, it seems I pulled off the innocent bystander, while he probably has something against the Cult. I may have to pry him more on the group he is in? Could it be? He comes back, "I forgot to ask ya yer name just in case i don' see ya again." "My name? Nikita, and yours?" "Rix." He returns to go to the restroom."

I knew it, he is the beginning of the Supremists. Maybe I could get some information out of him, maybe if I kill him before it is too late I could prevent the future from happening.

Chapter 2.4 Back at the Lab March 18, 2015

"So almost all the Cult has assembled here, in such a fast time, just a few from overseas needs to come, soon it is time that we will achieve Capeditiea's Goals of starting this world anew!" Robert calmly screams. "I will wait for Nikita and the remaining members to come for the new plan." Everyone claps.

"Just as Robert has said, I will wait for the crazy chick and the other members to come, this will be when the hen starts clucking and taking a shit." Haz screams frantically like he has to take a shit himself. "Now if you excuse me..." He runs off the stage almost tripping. No one claps. Random "what the fucks" were placed upon the air, and were suprizingly in some thought bubbles you would see in manga or perhaps some american comic books.

Chapter 2.5 Dive into the Protagonists

Suddenly, you were captivated by this and started yelling "FUCK YOU CYN!" "MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. little did you know it is not Cyn writing this but it is Lady Motas. Which one of us will you choose? Nikita? Cyn? Robert? Haz? Me?" Lady Motas states. The members were confused by this narration, which ended

up being forgotten moments later.

Cyn Chaote

While they started conversating each other, Cyn was hiding, behind a curtain, this provided the pleasant experience of life. This was not entirely accurate due to the strangeness of this realm. Cyn is not known to appear in front of anyone, this was quite obvious, she looked as though she was from a scifi horror show... I mean no arms, one eye, and is a cyborg, this was quite funny of a site though, she is just sitting there looking like she could kill you still, even though she is not armed. Like you could beat her up simply like that, but there is one erotic thing about her, she is naked... I wonder how a mechanical pussy would feel? Shoving thy dick into it, (if you are a male) feeling some strange moisture cum as you thrust back and forth. The sensation of a slight chilled almost lukewarm feeling, and when she would tense up you feel this elaborate pleasure, granting you an instant orgasm. You could possibly rape her because she is not armed. You might even be able to give her a skull fuck, if that is what you are into.

Little did you know, that Cyn can still form a blade out of her left arm, and can turn her boobs into some strange contraption to stab the fuck out of you, pulsating upon thy body stabbing at about 222 beats per minute... fairly unique, wouldn't you say?

Another interesting thing about Cyn is that she could change her pussy into a dick... :O This came to a shock to me upon my sudden thought about her... I guess she could be a cyborg goddess of fertility, granting a xenogamy of human cyborg babies upon this earth... making her the hive queen. Then what would you do?

Lady Motas (Written By Nikita Chaote)

"Why are you all having an orgy with out me?" Lady Motas yells suddenly when she was being careful on making this drawing of a turkey. Lady Motas is the stupid aloof one, who would end up shutting you down in a discussion about musick, which she is a genious on. She is shy in bed, but when you get to know her, you best be prepared for BDSM. She is a verse upon this nature. But at the same time, you best be careful, she will turn on some of her shitty musick, and fuck you to it. She is a hopeless romantic, before she gets to know you. This could pose as a problem, she is widely known by everyone in the world, and wears a mask in public, just like Cyn. Unlike Cyn she at least takes it off.

Not much else is known about her on the relationship side of things.

Nikita Chaote

How the fuck Nikita got into this cult thing was a shocker to me,
She might as well have remained a shut in this way you could see,
that this is nothing more of a pleasant try to fit in,

FUCK YOU NIKITA! I LIKE CYN!

You won't win, bitch you just keep talking,
Wait I am the bitch for saying all this bullshit

How the fuck Nikita got into this cult thing was a shocker to me,
She might as well have remained a shut in this way you could see,
that this is nothing more of a pleasant try to fit in,

Sure enough you have the lack of boobs and still have a penis,
who would fuck you, date you, rape you compared to Cyn,

How the fuck Nikita got into this cult thing was a shocker to me,
She might as well have remained a shut in this way you could see,
that this is nothing more of a pleasant try to fit in,

How the fuck Nikita got into this cult thing was a shocker to me,
She might as well have remained a shut in this way you could see,
that this is nothing more of a pleasant try to fit in,

Robert Bisno

He is very smart, but is in love with 004, who just so happens to be on her way to be with him for ever. One could consider him a very pleasant sex fiend. Which will be interesting to fall in love with him. 004 is always on his mind, which will bring her closer to him. Which now constrains his workings with the cult. Although, he has great power when he needs it. If you get on his bad side, you will not like him. I will not let you know how to get on his bad side due to the factors 004 would kill me. Which would not be pleasant due to the factors that this book would go unfinished my laptop would becom a brick and there would be a lifeless body just sitting here in omaha... and none of this would happen. So when you try asking me what that is, I will say "Fuck you, you wouldn't really want to." Anyways he

would fuck any girl, only girls. The most beautiful of them, which Robert and I have a very simular type of girl. We love the curvy girls, who have perfect proportions. Hell, if there is any girl who matches this description, oughta fall in love with him. I mean his charisma is kinda hot. His personality is fucking kick ass, and your only worry would be when 004 comes here. Which will be soon.

Haz

He is a Columbian... :O which means that he is fucking hot with a perfect personality. This in the end he is a discordian and would fuck with you. :D He is bi, but pulls more for the gay side of things. This brought into light, can give you some idea of how he is in bed. I have not seen his cockadoodledoo but i am sure it is above average... ;) why am i using these emoticons... :O any ways... he is prepared to eat some lasanga at any given time...

Later that day Robert and Haz teamed up and beat up Nikita. Which was not necessary but highly inevitable... :O Two guys beating up a girl, they oughta be ashamed of them selves. "Well as of now you are still biologically a boy." Robert states matter of factly. Suddenly a storm flies through the skies and lightning strikes the same place twice, summoning something out of the depths, which happens to be a cat.

A blank screen appears and states "End of Episode Two."

Episode Three

Chapter 3.1 The Cat Time Traveler March 19, 2015

The words on the bottom of the screen "Boulder, Colorado" appear. Rix and I get off the bus, he heads to the bathroom, I head to the front of the bus depot to smoke, waiting for him and thinking on where I need to get the second chapter. While waiting, the three I had sent to gather were there. They have gathered many, I told them to wait down the street. Rix steps out side, and hands me a soda. "Thank You. I must go to my friends. I will meet you again sometime right?" I say, he then replies, "Yeah."

I head to where the group of folk who are there... they have multiplied to thirty. None are members of the cult... Rix comes from behind and states, "hey, Nikita, this is my group." He introduces me to everyone. "We go around the country and just bash faggots and shit. There is something about you that is..." He was interupted by some guy who happens to be gay, they went and fucked him up. Was this what I was not supposed to stop? What would happen if I progressed... A callico-siamese mixed breed cat walks by, then stops, looks at the group beating, turns to human wearing just a trenchcoat and furry slippers, electric bolts emits from his hands and hits each of them. Turns around, looks at me, then smiles. Walks away. I was shocked by what I have seen. All thirty of them are knocked out. While the guy who was beaten was laying there bloody and bruised.

I went over and helped the guy get to his feet. He gave me a piece of paper, "The paper said to give you this." After I grabbed it, his body went limp. "Fuck, is he

dead?" I drag him to the nearest convenience store, and asked them to use their phone. They instead called 911 seeing that I have a dead guy on my back... the ambulance came, and they stated that he was alive. I was thankful. At least I saved this guys life. Just who was that guy?

Chapter 3.2 Book Three Chapter Two

Congratulations! You have successfully gathered the second chapter.

Sadly, the person who gave this note to you was to inevitably die during that fight, which he knew it already. Which these words are for him. Do not worry about your upcoming situation, you will be avenged. Even though you are likely to not believe this, you found this after running from that rape situation. So please by all means do not discard this, the future depends on you. Today is May 2022, You are reading this on March 1, 2015. Soon you will be killed, I am sorry to inform you of this, MT.

Now as you can tell, the future group known as the Supremists is who attacked MT. They are beginning to claim the land as their own, sadly they are forced to go to africa in a few years, due to the lost battle between the Dogmatics and them. You have met with the founder of the Dogmatics. Please be kind to them, in one time line, they would be our enemies. So do not get on their bad side. The next five chapters will be found in a cave. There will be no one to meet, but there is gonna be a slight problem, depending on how you advance.

But first you must seek Mallory cave, how you do this is ask a person who is a male to female tranny, and don't forget to get some cannabis, you will need it. Don't worry about the cigarettes, the company of the tranny will be there. Next, you will have to face a bear... no i am kidding...

Also take the time to practice the technique, remember it is only once every three months. Remember the steps for it as well. Afterwards rest for a couple of days, then head to the cave.

Finally do not forget to wear socks.

Chapter 3.3 The expected. March 20, 2015

I went to the nearest department store, which was a ma and pa store, there was three folk there, a father, a mother, and a pretty girl. "Welcome to our shop," the man said, "what are you looking for?" The guy was in his fifties or so, already grey hair. His stature was almost like a farmers, muscular and lean. He smoke tabacco from a pipe, which at this current time, he was refilling the bowl. "I am looking for a rope and flashlight." I reply. "Ma! go get this chick some rope and a flashlight." He says, then asks, "What are you planning on doing?" Looking at me with a half curious, half suspicious gaze. "I am going to Mallory Cave." He laughs , "You don't need rope for that, it is only a medium level cave to hike." I look at him, and state, "It is for precautionary measures." "Well, in that case, stay here tonight, Terra set her up in your room."

Walking up the steps, Terra asks, "What brings you to Boulder? No less the outskirts of Boulder." "I am in search of something. Have you heard anything on forbidden documents or something simular to it?" "I have." Terra is a femme, almost too femme girl, but something is similar to me and her. She has long brown hair, and a slender build. We enter into her room... I AM SHOCKED! SHE IS AN OTAKU!

Chapter 3.4 At the Temporary Supremists Headquarters March 21, 2015

Rix and a few others are playing pool, some are playing arcades. To think they decided it was convenient to have an arcade. Though it is currently in Denver. "Geez man, I still get jolts from that stange attack." Joe states. Joe is a skinhead with blue eyes, for the longest time he shaved his head, not many people know his color of hair. The full group consider him the most aryan of the group. He is bulky as fuck, and looks as though he could break a pro mma fighter in half. Only in his early 20's, he thinks of Rix as a older brother. If Rix is away from the group, you would go to Joe. "Yeah?" Rix replies, then takes his shot making the eight ball. "FUCK!" then smashes the pool stick on the table, breaking it in half... sorta.

Everyone shrugs it off. "Rix smiles, then yells calmly and determined, "LETS GO OUT AND FUCK SOME OF THOSE NIGGERS, FAGGOTS, AND SPICKS!" the crowd roars with excitement.

Chapter 3.5 The Next Few Days: Part 1 March 21, 2015 - March 23, 2015

I awaken, "Ah, you're awake. I am sorry for looking into your things, but I decided to do your laundry, gomenizai!" Terra bows her head. "Well, that is cute." I chuckle. I suddenly smell some cannabis... in this room. "You smoke weed?" an excited expression comes upon my face. "Hrm." Nodding her head, "want some?" "Sure" I smile. "All three of us smoke here, since it stated in the second chapter thing, I shown this to Ma and Pa, they said you could stay here for a few days. We have a lot of information that we can give you. What is your favorite anime?" Suddenly, otaku mode came on, and I pushed up my glasses and smirked, stating, "I have several."

As this occurred, she pulled out a joint, lit it, took a couple hits, handed it to me. "Mallory Cave was shut down a few years ago, due to some sorta conspiracy going on. They say there is something there, and there is this group of people known as Sigils watching the sight. You wouldn't have a chance against their magick. They are sorta like Magickal Anarchists, but don't let that fool you, they are very skilled in magick. There are rumors that the old town of Omaha was destroyed by a few of them, but after seeing you, I kinda had the feeling that you did that." I looked surprised, when she noticed this she said. "Don't worry, Omaha was a shit town anyways, plus it has that terrible of sex trafficking of children." I was enamoured by the info she gave me, I then state, "yeah, it is kinda like shit ya know. Currently the Dogmatics are taking over oma err, Friekenville."

She bluntly asks, "have you heard of the Capeditiean Cult?" when she said this, I almost died coughing from the hit of cannabis. After recovering, I reply, "I have heard of them, why do you ask?" "Well, I have been wondering if their intentions are evil, or if they are trying to start a revolution, or maybe Cyn is trying to control the world. What do you think from what you heard?" "I don't know much about them to judge them." We hear Pa yell from the basement, "Dinnertime!"

We both head downstairs, and sit down at the table, Ma was cooking some hamburgers and beans, typical American meal. While digging in, Ma mentions, "I hope you find what you are looking for, you came to the right place for the information. Pa and Terra both know these lands like the back of their hands. After dinner would you come into the living room? Pa and I have something to discuss with you pertaining the notes, and what we could do to help."

After the meal, I went outside to smoke, just two left. Well I won't worry about getting cigarettes. I relax outside, the door slides open, Pa walks through and asks, "Have a light?" I hand him my lighter. "Just to warn you Ma will surprize you with the information she has. I will wait until after you use that ability to give you my information." "Okay." We finish smoking, and head on in, I immediately head to the living room, and sit on the couch. I wait a few minutes for Ma to finish cleaning up. "I know who you are Nikita." Ma says with leering eyes, "You are part of the Capeditiean Cult, no you are the founder of the Cult. What I want to know from you are your intentions? Not only with the world but with us?" I am enamoured by her knowledge of this, I sit back, "Well, you found me out. You are the first one to figure it out, first I would like to know how you knew about me? Then I will tell you what you would like to know." "I am a psychic and a Sigil." "So that is what allows you to know me. Well I will let you know what I am currently doing, and what my goals are. Primarily I am currently seeking the chapters to Book Three of the Capeditiea Series, you see, the strange thing is that it was not written by me, but by a future me. Which is fairly complicated, since the future me is in this present time at an undisclosed location. Just so my enemies don't read this, please keep the location to thy self, Ma. I have two, and as you can see there is five near Mallory Cave which I am going to fetch in a few days. Now to explain the goal of the Cult... I would like to see governmental power and currency to nullify. They are my enemies, as well with corporations that bring corruption into life. Yes, as you already know, I am responsible for the destruction of Omaha, which apparently was not what will kill me. I am working on changing the future. Which I am not entirely sure what will happen to me, or the entirety of the human race. But I am left with a decision in August that will either put me into a Coma or will kill me, I am not sure what else could happen. Maybe this time I will solve it."

"That is a very delusional story, but fairly accurate and fully honest. I will talk with a few of the other Sigils to allow you to search Mallory Cave, and here are some

cigarettes, those should last you till you get back. Pa will be in, in just a moment, he is talking with Terra about something."

She sat down on the chair accross from me. "To let you know what I have information on, when I was a child I was once taken by these kidnappers, they were gonna send me accross seas to Russia and sale me for sex trafficking. Though during this time I had no idea what I could do as a Sigil, then my awakening happened. One of the men was alone since the other two were going out. He ripped off my clothes, that pedophile told me that he was gonna give me a taste of what was to happen to me in Russia. I was scared, I was too scared to scream. As he came closer, he unbuttoned his pants, pulled them down, next thing I know I was in the room naked, blood dripping from my pussy, and the guy is on the ground curled over holding his crotch. Turns out his penis was bitten off by my pussy." Her hand changed into an axe, "this is my ability. I can transform any part of my body to my will."

I was completely astonished by this amazing ability. Plus my favorite anime character has the same one. Moments later, Pa comes in, "Are you ready to train?" I look at him, "this training I am going to put you through will enhance your ability to maintain and use a smaller amount of kia. That ability that Choronzon gave you is very rare."

(What happened next was very sexual, which to keep this rated xxx, I shall tell thee what went on...)

Pa striped, then Ma striped... they fucked in front of me. I was enamoured by this sight, Ma asks, "Wanna join?" I kinda blushed they looked really good for thier ages. So what did I do, I joined in. Pa stated, "You fuck Ma, I fuck you, we shall do a train. This is a form of Sex Magick that will provide you to manage your kia a lot easier. I will tell you more after we are finished." Moments later we are brought into a blissful orgasm. Gnosis was rushing through me. We finish. (I wanted to get through this fast... but in the duration it was already morning, we enjoyed it a lot.)

Pa and I went outside, I lit a cigarette, he pulled out a bowl and put some cannabis in it. "You know, sex magick is such a great form of magick, you have pleasure all the way through the performance of the ritual, and you can do several things with it. Like last night, we used sex magick to perform a kia control on you. I know you felt the energy." He takes a moment and takes a hit of

cannabis and passes me the bowl. I set my cigarette down and said, "Yes, I had a massive kia build from it, plus I can feel the pleasant nature of managing it." I take a hit, and pass it to him. "Life is short lived by many." he states as he takes a hit passes it to me, "finish it, I will have Ma come out here." I finish the cigarette and take a hit from the pipe. "The sliding door opens and Ma steps out still nude, holding a bag of weed.

Chapter 3.6 (The World of the Unknown) or (Sushi Dances)

This day was wonderful, till the monkey seen that banana I was eating. This was nothing readily possible, but it happened. :D It was an epic battle of Gods and Shit. Shit won... o how the gods stunk, suddenly the cow yelled at the shadow of another cow because it was hallucinating... from a vast quantity of fertilizer and steroids to milk more. Using the secret awesom technique of eating the grass, and giving us enough milk to devour for a while, till the cow dies. :O You had your kids leave the room? I was just mentioning that your life is shit... if you are like what the fuck dude? KILL! KILL! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

I am severely forming a development of Life. (Does that makes sense to you... -_- because i am having a hard time relating to this.)

In honor of Everyone who has stated this... I HAVE DIED AND NOW HAVE RETURNED TO LIFE, I THINK! This is far more quelled than I expected.

The words appear "To be continued..."

Episode Four

Chapter 4.1 The Next Few Days Part 2 March 21, 2015 - March 23, 2015

Due to the explicit material just moments ago, we had to alter the screen for the adults... to give you a hint watch snuff films. We ended up starting a discussion upon irrelavent matters like cloud scrying and such. After several minutes of watching clouds, Ma states "Ready to learn how to use the least amount of kia that you can?" "yeah." i smiled. She set down the pipe, and sat down, in a very intriquite fasion, "you just have to envision your kia becoming a string. Where you only cut off strands only long enough as the time it takes to bring forth the magick you are using. What ever you may be using." I do the same, "Woah my ball of kia yarn is fucking huge."

A few hours passed, I head to Terra's room. She is processing some data for something, I didn't pry. I go to lay down for the night. Terra wakes me up and whispers, "Let's go outside, in the forest. I wanna see you use Choronzon's ability." I put on clothes grabbed chapter one of book three, and head downstairs. Terra is waiting for me outside, once outside she hands me a joint and a pack of cigarettes. She lights up her own joint, then lights mine. "So how far are we

walking?" She exhales, "We have to get on the outskirts of town, and by the time we finish these joints and you finish your cigarette we will be there." "Okay." I take a hit. "You know, we may have some troubles up ahead, there is a small group of people who do not like us trans." I look at her, and let her know, "Not to worry, THEY WOULD WISH THEY NEVER FUCK WITH US!" I said in a loud deep manly voice as we pass by. At this time I am wearing a very femme outfit, skirt and a spaghetti strap shirt. I made sure they seen me. "You are part of the Cult. Even if I am not around, the Echelon will protect you." I laughed, looking at the group.

Chapter 4.2 The Forbidden Invocation of Choronzon March 24, 2015

We arrive at the location, minutes later. I sit down and read chapter one, and reread the instructions. I begin to focus, envisioning my body slowly decomposing to ashes, once my body became ashes, I was ruthlessly weak. Just as it says would happen. I started feeling the Echelon pull towards me, like a black hole would suck in everything, after feeling them all enter into me, I open my eyes and my sight is above the trees, compared to me they appear as fire hydrants. I wanted to test the power of this, so I walked to where that group of people are. I swept my hand down, I could see their insides just explode and erode. It was pretty gruesome, like if you would cut a hole from the shell of a watermelon and extract the watermelon's tasty insides out of it, without even leaving the watermelon shell, you have that. It sounds no where near that tasty, almost makes me want to puke. Suddenly, a painful feeling erupts from everywhere on my body and I start to shrink. I return back to size, laying on the ground. Terra runs by my side, and calls Pa on her cell phone. I black out.

Chapter 4.3 The Trip (March 25, 2015 - March 27, 2015)

I awaken in Terra's bed, naked. Lately I have found the light to be pretty harsh. But it seems to be properly advanced. So I have found there was a selection of choices, they were,

1. A Belt

2. A Sword (a butter knife)
3. A Lego Model of a Pipe (and works too.)
4. A Bucket full of Blood (probably own pee. smelt like old pee. :O)
5. A substanually horny dog.

IF YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY! IT DAMN WELL BE IMPORTANT TENT TIT!

I awaken in Pa's bed, naked. Laying next to me. Playing with my penis... I awaken with a shock then explode. Which was beginning to concern me due to the crazy thoughts of being dillusional. But this felt so fucking real... and horrid... not sure why it was horrid, probably because in this scenario Pa has fangs the size of a large gnome in the garden, you know the gnome that looks as though he will move, then strike you right when you look away, kinda like those pesky angels. Don't blink.

Later on, I realize I am in a body of the one thing, the one thing known as a lizards testical. I don't think lizards have testicals but that is not the point of this development of species... feces... ewwww...

I awaken in Ma's bed. Now this time I was shocked to see how the world would provide a lighting of the paths taken over by what is known fairly well as... a pussy that bites you.

That would kinda hurt, you know what would happen when the light of Lucifer is eating out some hot girls pussy. then as this happens, you are struck with this jaw full of piercing viens! Then bite into your mouth and suck all the fucking blood out of you, and you are killed with this white creamy feeling liquid. Years later the gay population increases. Being gay is a choice. Or is it? maybe this turned you on. ;)

Dragging down the road, a corpse, one hand was severed. Thinking, yes it probably should have been a great idea to chop this human into pieces. Then a fire broke out in my lungs. They erupted magna, which then turned into manga, which gave out a shit ton of kick ass manga. I was disturbed by this, so I read them all. Years later, I look at my self in the mirror, shoving some guys insides while what I am quite sure it was , splintered dildo. So I took a hit from the pipe that suspiciously looks like a violated leopard. Which was feeling very great. Personally I think it may have been a leopard that was violated, I just could not figure it out,

till it severed my head. I put on some socks. For some reason it seemed like a great idea. This was my next approach. So when I swam outside, and reached the waters edge to where there is this strange sensation that allows another form of breathing.

I land on this dusty ground, maybe dirt. I fell really hard. I was only wearing the socks I put on.

An arcade appears all in front of me, around me, enveloping the textures so detailed. This was not a very pleasant feeling, and like the scene was all going off and on, something was stradling a market tomato. I was trying to figure out how this would have been pronounced. (Due to a beautiful destruction, I was on a detour...)

The tomato was enamoured by this definate explosion full of a light red and small burgers of tomato, soon after I floated along this asteroid field, it was much bigger than I expected. I was only searching for something to clean my hands with, but no, I was stuck dodging asteroid belts. This was quite an allegory while we were lost in the shallow waters of Germany, when at this time, they delivered a final blow. I was in Nazi Germany, Right by Hitlers side, preparing to shoot his brains the fuck out, but at the same time, he was looking at me with fear in his eyes, partly because he was currently trying to kill himself and his wife, I figured that if he wasn't gonna kill himself just because I was there, that would result in a fucked up future.

So I envisioned the horrid past of the holocaust and shit, this was not very fun, I totally like tran out of room, because I was growing slowly, or the room and everything but me was shrinking. Either way I decided it was the best option to grab that sorta bloody napkin, the reason I say it is only sorta bloody because there is a little part that can used to wipe off the tomato reseidue from years before. Time and space was no longer existant. I tried to remember when I was... lately I have found the year 2015 to be an accurate time.

I return to the year 2015, I still had some possible hallucinations or perhaps dellusions which could mean, as I am talking with you, I may end up questioning my self if another person can see you, or if by the slightest of chances if I were to penetrate thy body, your matter would wrap around me, so what is the best

option for me to do? Did I mention our program has extended to an hour long. Which is fascinating because I am spiralling upward, downward, sideways, inward, outward, forward, backward, anyways we have a goal to accomplish, I just cannot remember what, where, how, why, and when it was supposed to happen. Later on that day, with a minute structure of life struggling to keep holding on to that lace, just where is my place. Thusly, I have concluded that the place I am at is inside my own mind. Often scary since I cannot stay at one time for too long, gets far too boring, so I puke after a nice bong rip and puke. Which then I spend some time in the past present or future, usually the present, since infact I am present.

Once realizing this, there was a large crack in that particular universe of this vast multiverse. I put the pieces together pretty quickly, I bust out the belt, as I latched it, It broke. :O I was quite suprized, this occured to me to be quite queer. So I chose the sword, a butterknife comes out. I was not happy. I threw the butter knife, hitting someguy. Knowing that from hearing pluh. (Also known as the croaking sound of death or some shit like that.

I started to analyse the weapons, I started thinking upon this, finally. I was like, most people like to go down the list. I chose the horny dog, the last one on the list. It wasn't till I made the choice when the dog started humping my leg. I quickly concluded this could be like Jamaji, you know when it is your next turn it would all stop. Damn... my leg is getting wet. So I chose this bucket. Suspiciously it had a very noticable smell. The kinda smell that is utterly known as the most distinctive smell known to humankind. It is formally known as pee. Which would have been great if I didn't have to do a Carrie re-enactment. This would pose as a challenge. SO I did what everyone would have done, dumped it on the horny dog.

I realize now that it was not the best Idea, because now I have a dog who is humping my leg covered in piss, and perpetually this will last an eternity. I decide that the last item would be the one to get me out of this strange awesome place. I CHOSE THE LEGO FORM OF A PIPE, TAKE A HIT OF CANNABIS AND I AM OUT.

Chapter 4.4: How to Walk

It was not long until I figured I am not the only one to have my parents ask me if I

walk much or read about it. Lately I went into deep thought upon the downpour of thought, I guess it was the best idea to be sure to be one of those who also would have learned how to walk by reading about it. Now this may be serious, I will take this to a new level of understanding fuckers!

Step One.

Left Foot Forward

Repeat.

Step Two.

Right Foot Forward

Now that was easy. Oddly enough, there are those who would have a terrible time learning how to walk. I mean most of us learn before even reading upon this natural data in the expansive world. At first you have so many places to see, some often are unachievable... unless you plan to do so. But that is always the first step. For instance I was impressed by the fact, I have so much potential, they were always saying that I would be the best... before i killed them. Is that a good thing to say? Subjectively, in my present time, those who are amputees, paralyzed, dead... would be reborn, or made into a civilian cyborg. So every one will know how to walk...

One of the reasons of my explaining to walk is also the factors of those who may have gone to the incorrect biotechnition, (I think that is spelt correct? do not say this in the lines of the script. okay :D) (No say it...)

(...and this too)

Anyways, I am determined to let you understand this to a degree of some random number (roll 23 dice) this will be the amount of steps you will take.

Take the steps until you reach your destination. Now I know it may be hard depending on how often you walk, this is specifically okay, everyone falls their first time... Suddenly I was brought into the Matrix but instead of Morpheus being their it was a bag of popcorn, that could talk no less, by which was kinda freaky... after suddenly freaking out from this epic mindfuck that I was unknowingly participating in occurred. It was fun. Then I learned their was almost the same amount of steps to go back to point A, because that happens to be where I dwell.

So as I was walking through the forest in the middle of the dessert and a blizzard... time just stood still like a crack fiend seeking their next fix. It was quite like that, people asking what was going on with me, I seemed like a raison, which if I were to look in the mirror, I would not doubt in my mind that it would persist in the nature of being a skeliton. This was the proper response by the bogusness of the situation. Then Satan came and fucked us all.

The Screen turns black and states... "to be continued..."

Episode Five

Chapter 5.1 The Day before Mallory Cave. Part One (March 28, 2015)

I was resting, this provided me some time to think, I am still getting those after effects of Choronzon's fucked up tripp... It is usually like a mixture of an LSD tripp and a buzz from a cigarette after not having one for a long while, possibly after trying to quit, and you succeeded but suddenly you had to give in months later, and started back up again, which was then pronounced as a killer buzz. This would be simular to what I am experiencing. After a while, I drifted off to sleep, I was following a black shadow almost feminine in silloette. The Shadow was then engulfed in a colorful nature, this was quite familiar, not sure why it seems so familiar. I awaken, walk out side yell, "I AM A GODDESS! DEFY ME AND YOU SHALL PAY THE PRICE OF LIFE." Suddenly a flash mob and the Yatsuba group shows up. They attack me. I close my eyes, and brace for death, they disappeared like a hallucination. It was that quick. I felt a tiny amount of liquid upon my legs, probably pee. I resume my day. Suddenly I arrive at Terra's house, they have me lay down to rest. I apparently looked as though I was ran over by a train, shot at by the mexican navy, hurled into space, and a jump punch to bring me back to earth, but to me it was more like me tired and wanna sleep.

Chapter 5.2 Stoicism

I guess people like to make things bigger than it is. Same with anything else. Inheritly we are concerned with our own comclusions. Talking it through, or keeping quiet, I prefer to talk it through only if it is brought up. Other than that, I stay silent. So as I have thought about it, the thoughts we have as we experience certain things are whether or not the way we judge things, for a pleasant

scenario, am I fucking with you? Perhaps, I may or not be. Officially this is what could provide the pressure we go through on these experiences, sadly we have operated beyond our own potential. Those who say practice what you preach, shall. For which that would be practicing what you are preaching, just as you have said to Practice what you Preach, do you? Stoicism.

Chapter 5.3 The Day Before Mallory Cave Part 2 (March 28 2015)

Everything became sober again. I was pretty sure that I was experiencing side effects from the transformation. I was sure that this would have been the solution to where I am hallucinating these fucked up images and visions and shit. It has to be. If not then I must have taken something really good for this to occur. Not entirely sure if I should fall asleep, since I was absolutely sure that I would have a fucked up dream. This was not very epic. Nor was the previous paragraphs, but at least it makes some sense now. As I waited upon the bed as I lay down, attempting the vast and not so complicated ritual of falling asleep, there are so many ways to fall asleep, I prefer to either wait till I can't keep my eyes open, or think about the previous day or days. Sadly this is probably the most boring part of this book since I currently have nothing on my mind with the exception of what ever it was that I went through, as well as the extreme temptation to travel to Mallory Cave tomorrow.

Chapter 5.4 The Trip To Mallory Cave (March 29, 2015)

I awaken from a loud bang. Wiping the eggs of bed bugs from my eyes. I was sure there was something going down outside. Which provided me with the essential ambition to look outside where the noise came from. Turns out Pa was battling this creature. (Since when does reality have monsters?) Silently I watched since I have no fighting skills one on one, and with a monster about the size of mother fucking Cthulhu... It was Cthulhu. Cthulhu then spoke, in english, no less. Saying, "This will be Capeditiea's downfall!" in a disturbingly loud voice. This was not the time to dally around since I was currently masturbating due to this hard on I have. Which is usually a pain due to the factors that, one, I hate touching it, two, my arms get tired... I came and an Ectoplasm came out. Which was a brilliantly made one which looked like a very sexy man, with muscles. I figured to name him, so I named him Fred. This was a very common name to use when the parents are

either fucked up or really didn't have a name picked out for a boy, and on some rare occasions, they name him on purpose this way. This was not my reason, my reason was quite simply because he told me that was his name. So I went along with it. Fred slowly floats out of the window, and about 3 hours later reaches Cthulhu's face and says in a very flamboyant voice, "Hey man, you could stop now, there is like no reason to fight guy. You and I can fuck if you would like. Just the other day I met up with this hottie, he told me..." He was eaten by Cthulhu. I could have swore pa sighed, "Thank you Cthulhu, that guy was annoying."

I was astonished by the sequence of events on how well they were haphazardly placed together in the primordial chaos which was brought all thanks to something lurking in the shadows. After Cthulhu puked relentlessly upon the ground leaving a crater, pa was laying there motionless. Shit. I run clumsily towards pa to see if he is okay. I ask "Are you okay?" No answer... I kneel down on my knees spread my arms like the times you would be like "Here, give me a big hug." and screaming dramatically and long,

After recovering from this annoying response and shitty way of dealing with my friend Death. Strangely, Death laughed. It was quite amazing and creepy. If you ever have the pleasant time of hearing Death laugh, you are in for a treat. Anyways, the next thoughts of life were to head to Mallory Cave, like nothing ever happened. I find Mallory Cave, nothing really happened upon the walk there. Just be glad you are not hearing the great epic scenery of the epic journey, almost like a modern and pre-apocalyptic version of Lord of the Rings. I am not really trying to return a ring... but that would be much easier. Can you imagine how easy it is compared to the modern era.

Chapter 5.6 Interlude of Greatness

Comparing the modern world with the middle ages, is completely similar and different at the same time.

Who or what you need to worry about for the middle ages: Simply, orc, ogres, wild wolfs, some humans tempted by the ring, the immortal Ringwraithes, the huge elephants that contain some spiky armour, a dragon here and there, and The Eye of Sauron.

Who or what you need to worry about in the modern world: Simply, Bullies, Stray dogs and cats or any stray for that matter, cops, the immortal church, the government, moving metal objects that scream vroom!, and cameras.

So basically we have the same thing, just a little more challenging since cops have guns instead of arrows and will take you to a place known as prison, the church will try stopping you and send you to this place known as Hell also known as the mental asylum. the goverment runs almost everything. Those metal objects move at high rates of speed, I think there may be millions of them out there, which is quite scary. Most of those cameras have the ability to record your actions and many other things. So now you know what is going on.

Chapter 5.7 The arrival at Mallory Cave (March 29, 2015)

And we are back, I enter into the cave. I walk down the path and slip. I am now stuck in this crevice, with the perfect size to let me rest here for when ever someone else shows up. I lay down, and hit my head upon this wooden box. "Ow." I open the treasure chest, lo and behold there is five notes. I carefully opened the page, some words were water splotched, it stated...

Chapter 5.8 Book Three: Chapter Three

Well, You made it after hree

Don't Worr bout th ter. No hin to im rtant is in this, plea
look at the xt chap

(The rest of the pages were undecernable.)

Book Three: Chapter Four

Let's try this agai ha l we? Shi !!!!!
!!!!!!

(The words confused me.)

Book Three: Chapter Five

(Just the word "Choronzon" shown. The next one looks legible.)

Book Three: Chapter Six (Part One)

So the last few documents that occurred to be wet.... It seems that every single time, something bad happened... So I was currently trying to figure out a sequence that I could produce a simple structure of the habitation... maybe. Perhaps we could suggest the matter of the environment... It has rained a certain amount upon these chapters... oddly enough the world was resurrected and time lines collided. Which then provided the water resistance and time resistance, (yes, for those of you who question this, going back in time weathers it the same as it would be forward through time. This concludes Chapter Three.

Meanwhile, in Chapter Four, I was suggesting the proposal of life in general or something, not only that but there was a stampede during the time I was writing this. Not the stampede of what you are thinking... (*tramatic cries) Synchronize... The object of this was when I died during the stampede. I risked my life man, just to get Chapter Four written. (Wrote off as we rode off the road.)

Shall we resume with Chapter Five?

Chapter 5.9 My response April 1st, 2015

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?! OR WANNA SEE THIS WORLD BE EATEN BY THE FORTITUDE OF EXISTANCE!

Later on, we danced the day away, since we were already night owls, sacred rites and shit. don't deres your shit. Lately they embarked on this journey. This journey gave one warning... DON'T SUMMON CHORONZON BEFORE HAND!

Shit. I just said that. YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO SEE THAT! (*death occurs...)

(Scene Shifts into... (a cars trunk,) (I am screaming, 'HOLY SHIT FUCK FUCK FUCK WHERE AM I!') i suddenly realized that being quiet would get me there faster.

Hours later, I awaken and there is this eerie feeling of interesting thoughts traveling through the air and shit, xenostuctures transfixed. Where am I? The room is dust covered, almost like a painters room. There is a window, looking through it like a paranoid schizophrenic. I see that there is nothing but dessert for hours of distance... walking if you are so inclined to find out. Santa Clause came on this horse, those who are scared ran away called the cops and shit then hit the fan... yes, shit did. It was quite funny and awesome, it got all over those businesses, you know those ones. DON'T MAKE ME SAY IT AGAIN!

Episode Six

Chapter 6.1 The Strangeness April 1st, 2015

Suddenly, I realize the situation I am in, I must be on something. If anything could go wrong at this time, it would be now. BOOM!!!!!!!!!

After the smoke cleared from the explosion upon the wall behind me. I was hearing the swan song. It was not what I anticipated, it was none other than Frederick Ryson. "Ey, Cyn, check this shit out. It has a designed destructive path." I

look at it and well it is a grenade, with a dial that perfectly turns around its sorta rounded oval bodied surface. He turned it down enough, to the setting "TO KILL A FLY" and throws it, Lo and behold the fly was killed but the hole in the wall, that was left due to the velocity of the grenade thingy, It blew up, yes, but it only blew off a small peice, aproximately 0.2% of the grenade. Meanwhile it is floating towards Frederick, stating in letters, "OFF." "Very complex system. I call it, Experiment 95. It shapes back to it's original shape, just without the amount used to throw it. And to fix the wall, Experiment 96." Frederick then pulls out, a paper like substance, which is not paper, just looks like it, and sticks it on the wall. It disappears, but the wall is mysteriously fixed. He writes something in his pocket notebook, shows it to me. "You are bugged."

It took me moments upon the realization, "SHIT! FUCK! FUCK YOU GUYS IF COME IN HERE I WILL KILL YOU!" I yelled in an inaudible tone.

Moments later after calming down, I became really concerned and paranoid. I looked through the peephole. Just so happens two police officers are outside my door... (KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!) "Don't make us come in, we know you are in there." One of the officers said.

"OPEN THE DOOR OR WE WILL SHOOT!" the other officer states. I remain calm back away from the door, Frederick was no where to be seen, he must've gotten out in time. Now where is my escape route. Looking at the window near the kitchen, I concluded that was a safe exit, since there is evidence pointing to how Frederick left. I cautiously looked through the open window, making sure no one sees me, Frederick is motioning his hand to come towards him. I jump out, hop over the bench that was once used to sit on to take a break from walking or something, while hiking down the trail of Mallory Cave. Odd place to have a royal type bench.

What the hell is going on? Is this really happening? I thought I was somewhere else. Did I travel to some multiverse? Suddenly I fall into the abyss, and Taylor is there, holding me like I have died. "Cyn! CYN! Are you alive?" I open my eyes, "Where am I?" "You are back in Friekenville. You traveled here looking fucking demonic... and... well naked." She blushes. I look down, I am naked legs spread, and willing to take it. Yes that is how it looks. After a long while, I dressed my self in some dogmatic priestess clothing. "Wow, these are quite comfortable." I say as

sit next to her. "I am sorry, but I read those notes. Have you read all the chapters yet?" Not yet. I was busy." Read them NOW!" She kindly and excitedly yelled like there was something really important to read. I started to resume Chapter Six.

Chapter 6.2 Book Three Chapter Six (Part 2)

I resulted in losing out on Chapter Five, I really hope you reacted after reading this, since well. Sadly, I would have told you what happened upon looking at Chapter Five, since it was designed to grant you the choice of the future. If you would have reacted to any of Chapters three through five, you would be killed on the spot by our enemy, Rix Reese. Which would not be good. I am glad you didn't do that. Other wise I would not have existed. Even if I traveled to your time and saved you. You would die and I would disappear. Here is my evidence to it. TB will find you, and help you after you have done the Summoning of Choronzon, and also after experiencing the multiverse. Which I will soon, teach you on how to do in Chapter Eight.

Book Three Chapter Seven

The ending of those nightmares never have stopped. Just lost through the surface of life that was granted through the blissful nature of transmigration, transitioning through the world as a fraction of the ideas that our death has arisen. This was to be expected. The occurrence of it self was gone through the lifeless bodies that were attempting some paradox of the violent nature, throwing knives in the air, looking up, suddenly the knife is floating above your head, preparing to fall in love or something. Death and I made a deal on that day, yes fuckers it was the day. Where was that figure skater when you needed her. She was not around, what happened was they took off with her. Who is they you ask, none other than Fredrick Ryson. Anyways on a more realistic note, you will find the eighth chapter in Fredrick's basement.

Chapter 6.3 Book Four Again, for the brilliantly impaired.

At the Capeditiean Lab

It was an easy day, no one seemed to think this world was to die... this was interesting to how the summit was blown away from a very tragic donkey stampede. This just happened, I have no idea upon how or what had happened, I was not there. Haz was amazed. As you may or not know, Haz has the ability to grant animals fucking self awareness and shit, so he simply tells them what to do. They listen to him real well. Suddenly these donkey developed the need to destroy Haz. This exculated to the value of tenthousand degrees, (also as you may or not know... Some humans what the fuck was i talking about here... :O) anyways, were was i... well these donkey... perhaps some like to call them liberals were stampeding the place and shit, so what did do? He went and grabbed some shit from an ass... this was the thing, he used a paper bag to grab that shit, I mean shit yo. then he threw it at the liberals. The donkeys decided to destroy the liberals. It was fucking Brutal. A liberal's eye landed on some random guy... since all i could think of were strange famous folks, ya know. The human screamed like they were getting killed. They were getting killed, but that was beyond the point, some how there was an investigation for this being a slaughter house, the donkeys were fucking awesome and shit the ate all three. It was quite cannablistic. it was awesome :D Soon the pikachu arrived and danced with the greatly known Spock, it was a quite intelligent conversation. What day was this?

Chapter 6.4 Frederick Ryson's Place May 3, 2015

I couldn't quite figure out how or why the past month was such a blur. It may have been from my inebriation of alcohol, I rarely get drunk, not much was too obvious from the out right stupidity of this full situation, I wanted to just destroy everything again. I finally put together the possible outcomes of where I may be at. Just moments ago, I would have been unconscious, which was delectable at this moment. It was obvious I have not been here before. I couldn't put my finger on it, but it seems that I may have gone across seas. It was a strange hunch, due to the pleasant evidence the television was speaking German. Which was very fascinating because it seemed they were talking about me. Something about a new leader has formed and we must worship this character. At least that is what I was able to get out of it. I laid there, lit a smoke. I must have gotten a new pack recently since there was 17 remaining in the pack. I nearly finished my cigarette, when I hear a knock on the door, Fredrick Ryson, We walked to his basement, and

gave me this note. It was in a white envelope which had the cult's name on it in big bulky, sloppy, hungry letters prepared to fucking eat the first person that would read this note. It was not very nice let's put it this way. I could only guess who wrote the name down, and who it must have been. I was completely wrong. It was not Haz or future me for that matter. It was written by, you guessed it, Rix Reese. Who just suddenly came in. This was not good, not good at all. I sat down, lit another cigarette, shaking like crazy... Rix and Frederick were very strong as it appeared. They had muscles the size of fuck knows what to compare them to... bodybuilding martial artists of mother fucking post apocalyptic shit perhaps.

This was not true. what they really were, were the definition of strong, and we all know what that means. So as they were beating me for no real reason, striking me fuck knows how many times. This gave me some gnosis in the process. I realized that I infact have been sent here by Fredrick which was fully paid for by Rix. This was very disturbing because, I agreed to it. This inclined me to say "fucking idiot. Falling for that bullshit coercion. Into the truck I went, leaving behind nothing but my dignity. Which was inspiring after being left for dead in a rotting room on the second or third floor, tied, ball and gag, the whole works to create an epic snuff film. It was quite entertaining, if either you were into that thing or you really hated me enough to enjoy me being tortured, raped, pillaged, burned at the stake, and shit like that. This was all to coincidental, suddenly the nightmarish visions occurred.

I was hoisted up on a very elaborate design of a hanging bound fashion, I was clearly open for accepting what ever long cylindrical casting of objects. This was the high point of the torture, because we were enjoying it, all of us, I was indifferent towards this factor, my asshole was numb as fuck. (Literally) With this I came up with a bargaining chip. This bargaining chip was... "Let me go, give me the envelope and I won't kill you," was what I thought I would say. What really came out was really only screams of utter and uber pain to the fullest extent of the representation of which I just shown you. Later on the invisible killer sloth came and untied me as they were, doing, other... things. Which would have been nice if the Invisible killer sloth wasn't fucking me as well. This was just getting absurd.

I sorta hanged and chilled, I did this sorta piviting motion to get the cigarettes off the nearby table, after being fucked that much, it would require a cigarette. I

mean how many of you are smokers, and respectively smoke after fucking? This turned out to be a problem, I was chained up and hanging upside down, with a cigarette in my mouth, by hands were cascaded upon my back tightly wrapped with rope. My hands no longer have any feeling, and then she came in the room. Conveniently she had a lighter, for some odd reason I trusted her, she lit my cigarette, then proceeded by sitting down on the wooden chair. At this moment, I cannot tell the difference between fantasy and reality. As I was pleasantly smoking the cigarette, I could help but to notice there was a gas can just below my head. I really didn't like this situation.

Upon completion of the cigarette, I politely spit it out as far as I can so I would not turn into a crispy dinner for any nearby cannibal. She then asked me aggressively, "HEY, DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT (or now, couldn't decypher which one she said) TIED UP?!" I stated as calmly as I could without sounding like I am in uber pain, "Yes. How'd you guess?" It was at this moment when I realized that I was indeed no longer tied up, and I was laying in a bed. With this girl, like some BDSM fantasy. It was enchanting, no longer did I feel the pains, and I could also feel my asshole. "Thank you for this." "For what?" "Saving me from those guys." "What guys?" "Nevermind." I felt safe, calm, loved, happy. This was the life.

Just as I thought this, the chick who I never got her name changed into this huge mother fucking mutated creature, kinda a mix between... well there's no time for that, I dash out of the room, and end up in a basement. I turn around to look to where I came from. The door was gone. I guess I escaped the clutches of whatever that creature was. It was not too long after I hear in Rix's boisterous voice, "How did you get out?" I jetted past him, still confused as to what was going on. I head up the wooden stairs, they try grasping my legs like some horror film... it was not long after I get out of there. I am currently in this desolate area, no humans in sight, due to the evidence of there being sand everywhere, and tumble weeds, I took off in one direction.

I finally end up at this two lane road, a car is speeding down, currently I am desperately seeking some help. So without knowing who the fuck was in the car, I flagged them down. They yell frantically in a chick's voice, "Get in!" I follow instructions, and we drive off. I look over to thank the chick, and who I seen was not entirely a good thing. I was the chick from before. She had long brunette hair, c-cup breasts, and was pretty, love handles, nice hips, everything a beautiful

middle aged woman would be. She locks the doors with a slight smirk.

A black screen once again appears stating, "To be continued."

Episode Seven

Chapter 7.1 The Long Road before Civilization May 4, 2015

Whomever this chick is, has really turned me on, has granted me a ride, and was potentially a threat. I was nervous and quite inclined to just start fucking her like crazy. Though, the good lord told me not... not really but it seemed like a nice gesture. We kept on riding through this road, I was fucking confused, She just devoted to the thoughts that she was experiencing.

It wasn't long after this, when I started thinking about what she was thinking. Was it simply just "keep your eyes on the road, keep your eyes on the road, keep your eyes on the road, speed sign... 75. Okay, this means I gotta go faster by ten miles. (Presses foot on the accelerator) what is that passenger thinking right now? perhaps there is nothing to think about, maybe?" she spoke up after a long silence. "What are you doing?" I noticed she was looking at me, "O nothing really." Silence once again. I resumed my thoughts of what she could be thinking. "Perhaps, I picked up the wrong person, maybe they will kill me with an axe or something. I mean..." (she looks at me, probably due to the fact I was staring at her.) She then spoke in a nervous tone, "What?" I smile kinda, her thoughts continue. "Perhaps this is some pervert, maybe he will rape me. Road construction ahead. Who is this person? What do they want to do with me? o some roadkill."

We were disturbed by these sirens which are loudly piercing through our ears like if you would place a microphone next to another microphone. Try it sometime, it is really interesting. Anywho, they were driving past us... I have no reason why the fuck they would be going the way we came, nothing was that way for miles. We continued to drive, the sign states, "Omaha 666 miles. (With Omaha crossed out.)"

Chapter 7.2 The War on the States November 5, 2014 - July 28, 2018

Ever since the war on the states started in fall 2014, washington d.c. lost it's power, it was really due to the fact that Anarchist rose, and decided to strike from the outside in. A brilliant stragedy, if you think so. So now, the lands that are currently watched over by millions of Anarchist from many cultures, backgrounds, and lands, are living peacefully in their new lands of the east and west coasts of the continent. The Anarchist took the recent government shut down as an initiation, many have died in the first wave of attack.

In the latter part of January, 2016, the Anarchist were against a worthy breed of machines, which turned everything around for a while. These machines were created by DARPA scientists, created in the early 21st century, they were controled through a remotecontrol system that was still being tested. What did they do? They did their first testings upon this large army of Anarchists. It was not long when the Capeditiean Cult took notice. Robert took one of the machines, and studied it, since he was in the area, doing some anthropology things. He took it apart and remade it to aide in the war. He first tested upon Cyn in July 2015, which gave him the applitude to make a second machina, named this new creature, 002.

It was not long after the spring of 2017, when all hope was lost for the Anarchist side. 002 went off and exterminated every one who was a threat. This highly advanced and intelligent being, grew a self conscious. He developed a way to attach other electrical things to his body. Which made him bigger. This provided him the essential tools to make several drones, who were assigned certain tasks. Either they would protect him, protect human allies, or carry out an atttack.

The old united states chose the path of a cease fire, which on July 28, 2018, the Anarchist signed the ceasefire, and kept the land that they took. The New United States became just most of the State of Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Misouri, Mississippi, Most of Texas, the shape was ironically and iconically the shape of a phallus.

These type of wars continued to happen in every country, with the help of 002, each time the old government would order a ceasefire. but not till the Anarchist strategically made the old country look like a perverted reproductive organ,

mostly phallus. All the wars ended thanks to the ceasefire in March 2021.

Chapter 7.3 Arriving in Freikenville for a pitstop May 7, 2015

We reach the border of the New America. The war was still going on, and only recently the anarchist claimed all the east coast and started to meet with the west coast. Which the Anarchist took over the Dakotas, just last week. "Now if you look there, that large semi, it is holding a design I created for a victory of New America. We are currently just moving them. I signed an agreement to not take any ownership over it. I figured, I would make some enemies if I didn't, on both sides. I haven't told you my name have I?" "No." I replied, I have been wondering this since I got in the car. We pull into a parking garage where what used to be the University of Nebraska in Omaha Medical Center once was. The area was guarded by military officials. Some folk I recognize from school and shit. We park, she holds out her hand. "Beatrice, Carol Beatrice. Not the real estate agent. The DARPA employee." I shook it. "Pleasure to meet you, Carol." "What is your name?" "O, it is Nikita." Her expression changed to a very stern and serious manner. She pulled out a few pieces of paper out of her pocket. "I think I am supposed to give this to you. Once I do, you may read it in here, judging what the first Chapter says, you have about an hour before you can leave my car. You know, I was wondering if you were Cyn at first. But you are, in essence. I still don't understand it myself, maybe you can tell me sometime later?" I nodded. "I will leave you to read these, they require some studying. Also pleasure meeting you, Nikita." She steps out of her car, shuts the door. I look at the paper, and unfold it.

Chapter 7.4 Book Three Chapter Eight

As I have mentioned before, this is one of the chapters that will tell CB something first. You created the machines that caused World War 3 in 2038. Not only this but you have this Chapter, I want you to seek the next four, before the 5th of May. What happens on this date, you will be driving from Las Vegas, which at that

time it was in ruins. How would you know this is not some prank? Hold on to this, and give it to the person that you pick up on that day. That person would be the past self of me. Please, by all means don't tell my past self about who you are till you are at the destination. One of the machines you created will malfunction. The person you pick up will be able to disassemble it, saving several thousand lives, but at a cost. It is not only your decision to save your self and the other two that will be held captive by the Anarchists. But also my past self must make the decision as well. Once you leave your car and my past self is reading this, you will be captured. Which gives the choice of stop reading this to stop them from taking you, or reading on...

Now that you are reading this, my past self. You may get out of the car and head back to where the machine that CB has pointed out to you. In the machine you will find the next three chapters. Which CB has placed by the curcuit board. If you get there in time, you will be awarded with those chapters. No worries they are just an enjoyable read. At the end of Chapter Eleven, the next chapter's location will be given to you. What you need to do is destroy the curcuit board. Once you leave the car, you will see CB being taken. The rest is your decision.

Chapter 7.5 To the Machine May 7, 2015

I step out of the car, I see that she is being taken. The captors do not notice me. Carol must be prepared for this, other wise she would have saved herself. I rush out of the parking garage. Head to the location of the machine. what really was strange was there were no guards or anyone watching the semi truck. But what if it is a trap? what if I get into the back of this truck and they trap me in. There is no telling if this was just part of the elaborate plan set up by Carol. Apparently, I still have time. The machine hasn't moved. Though this is a matter of trusting not only Carol but also my future self. Just as I thought that, a suspicious figure looks suspiciously around, and heads to the truck. Having a blade, and a gun. I run in for a closer look. Hiding behind the wall, I peer around the corner, Frederick Ryson? He jumps into the back of the semi. Three others follow. Now I know what happened to the guards.

I run to the semi, a gun shot. Sniper? I stop and hide again. I look where I can for

the sniper. Like they knew what I was doing. Not entirely basically, Frederick Ryson, was smart enough to have secondary precautions. Moments later, Frederick and the other three leave the semi. "Fuck!" I aggressively whispered. The sniper saluted me, as I found him, and ran off. I head to the semi, and get inside, the machine was there. The curcuit board was exposed. and sparking. I walk cautiously to the board and grab the notes underneath it. Some electrical burns were singed into the papers. I place them into my pocket, and rip out the curcuit board. The machine stopped. "Phew, that was easy."

I sit down by the machine, but something was not right. I just felt it. I don't know why but it could have been that the semi was moving. Since this machine was the size of a tank, and had several gun turrets upon its exterior. There was not any possible way that this could be good if it was still operational. I opened the back, and the semi was moving. "Shit." I aggressively whispered. I sat down, pulled out the three chapters...

Chapter 7.6 Book Three Chapter Nine

If you are reading this your life seems to be in a fairly decent stage of life or death, I have a confession to make, I think you are very kind as to which you have allowed me to slowly grow fond of. By now, I feel it is probably a good idea to let you know of this. I live daily just thinking about you and couldn't think of a day with out you. I shall now let you ponder a little on this while I resume telling Nikita the next stages of advancement.

AHHHHH! but I cannot, I have fallen in love with you, I cannot live with out you any longer. I know, I know, you have no way of falling in love with me. I am not of your time. But at least we could write. I wouldn't mind if you are cheating on me with another. It is not considered cheating as long as all parties know and accept the fact that which you are seeing me. No fuck that I want to let you know that I may have fallen in love with you. There I said it. I may have fallen in love with you. Please accept my proposal of love, honey pie. Who the hell says that, O my goddess, ugh... I want to be with you, but I don't know how to see you, to be with you. Here is a poem that I just wrote.

3. To My Love

It was a pleasant Night,
Every thing seemed right,
There was so much for me to fight,
To win your love over,
Just watching that mover,
with you, while he was changing the blade on the neighbor's mower,
I looked into your eyes,
you looked into mine, no replies,
there was the box full of fries,
just looking into yours,
as I was doing chores,
cleaning the floors,
dressed like the girl next door,
sweat pants, t-shirt, nothing more,
doing laundry, looking out to the shore,
This poem sucks, and is really cheezy,
but by no means am I sleazy,
you take my breath away, make me queazy,
one and one are one,
you are my sun,
We will always have fun.
just like this poem.

Book Three Chapter Ten

4. Initial Thoughts of an unknown Stoic (Optimism vs. Pessimism)

What fool would ever say anything like this to another fucker, anyone who has been thought it several times and shut out the life they wish they could have had with out that person. It was from this thought it would be such a pleasant thought, someone to share my passion with. Fuck passion, it has no value to me. We could only erupt the consequences that share from each other, pessimists and optimists never mix very well. They are too different, opposites attract, yes. Opposites have chemistry, fuck that. They never do. Their views are opposing, soon enough they never get along. Hellish arguements that are left with a pointless endless turnabout. Killing the views of the optimist and the views of the pessimist remain. The Optimist looks forward, the distractions of the experience

are brought into a positive light. The Pessimist looks at the argument as just an argument, not looking to see anything to learn, just shutting it away and laughing at the optimist for thinking of making it better. A pessimist, always the hypocrite, talks about everything terrible that happened to them, but never sees that they do the same to others. The Optimist, on the other hand, looks at the situation, sees the potential positivity of the situation, and learns what triggered it. Nothing really can compare to the one who looks indifferently at the situation, through both the optimistic's and the pessimistic's eyes. Seeing how their morals fit into the situation. This takes practice, though a prodigy of this skill, is a challenge for them to remember that not every one thinks as fast as one would. So they are brought into the external source. Kinda like the C in the "This is an A and B conversation, so C your way out." Looking at this saying, can one justly state that they are confined to not saying anything. What about the path of causing the conflict to chill out? If this would cause their war of words to stop, so peace could be brought into the picture. Would it be necessary to cause them to have a common enemy? Usually, in this state of mind, no one could really state this at the oportune time. If too soon, they would continue with out hearing your voice. Too late, and they would still stop, but then A and B would continue to gang up on you, but have conflicting views trying to bring one into it. What about the potential outcome of not saying anything? Would it solve anything?

5. The Thoughts of a Stoic (How Stoicism was introduced to me originally.)
"Have you read anything on Stoicism?"
"No. :O What is it?"
"It is a philosophy, look it up if you feel so inclined."
"Okay."

6. Afterwards

I spent some time doing other things, it was on the back of my mind. I watched a lot of anime. I usually relate to those who are accepting of many things, and very analytical characters, not because I wanted to be like them, but because I was like them. It took me a few weeks to finally look it up. I studied it, as I was studying it, I couldn't deny any of it, or argue the philosophy of Stoicism. What these books are... since I know that I cannot tell the future readers this, since I may either be dead or not around you. So the Capeditiea Series Books One through Four are strictly how I think, or my thoughts as I am writing the book. Though several other processes mentioned earlier and later are other ways of looking at it, then there is

your way of looking at it. Who really knows what I was thinking about as I wrote certain things. Only I do. I do not wish to give you these results, for the specific reasons that, yes, I have tried explaining things, I have attempted to speak out loud. I am a terrible leader, but I have the motivations of being one. I am more of the quiet leader that only a select few will be able to receive my plans. But at the same time, I will always be with those of the cult. At times, I wonder how long the cult would last, then I travel forward in time, and see the success of this. For those who find these books in the future, a cult is not a religion, it is a counterculture. Not everyone would say they are a Capeditiean, if they ever do... please after anarchy happens, shoot them. I don't want idiots to worship me. We all have seen how that could happen via Christianity, Satanism, Buddhism, Muslim, Jewish, Nazi, Islam, Wiccan, etc, have become. So please don't make this into a religion. That is all I ask.

Book Three Chapter Eleven

These were only three of the five chapters, Frederick has the next two. He will torture you for the previous chapters. This was inevitable. Willingly give him these. He will think they are a joke. The rest he will take as well including this one. Remember deciding factor is in August, and don't... (the rest of the page was burnt.)

Chapter 7.6 Shit... May 7, 2015

The truck comes to a halt, the back door opens, an Exterminator guard comes in. Wearing a forest green overcoat, dark green pants, camouflage wife beater, and military steel toe boots. Hits me with the butt of his gun, I black out.

Chapter 7.7 Welcome to the Capeditiean Lab (Sector 1)!

Hello every one! Now we are at the front door of the Capeditiean Lab. As we enter the door, we have the front room, to the right you will see a bunch of tables and chairs, infact you are sitting in these specific chairs right now. To your left, we have the security room, ran by the best in their field. These guys and gals will

slaughter you, torture you, and some may rape you if you are their type. Don't worry, they will only do that if you are a spy planning on fucking us, the Capeditiean Cult, over. But they will see how you react to this instructional video. In the back of the room there are two doors and the front desk. Through the left door is a hallway that grants you to the living quarters. The one on the right is to a large public bathroom, incase you need to take a shit or pee. Because shitting or peeing your pants could result in some terrible things. Even if it is a unisex bathroom, please no trying to rape the opposite or same sex. You will indeed recieve equal treatment when we find out. Thusly the skilled watchers, will notice how the ones who react come out of the bathroom. No matter what you will be found out just moments upon this factor.

Now the living quarters are quite large, they contain your individual bathrooms, kitchens, and bedrooms. A place you can call home. Down the hall you, at the end you have the stairs, a flight leading up and a flight leading down. For the flight leading down, you have the basic supplies to keep you entertained and comfortable. Like blankets, entertainment systems, televisions, couches, etc. The supplies are practically unlimited, and are restocked weekly, every Tuesday. So you can take everything that you would like, but this would just make it harder on others. So be rational upon what you take.

Going up the stairs will require you to have a specific skill that which will help one of the four subsidiaries. Which are:

1. Science and Biotech (Sector 1 only)
2. Military and Security
3. Supplies Suppliers
4. Magick

In the Science and Biotech department, it is a basic lab type, tables and such, with advanced equipment. Those who are there can help come up with advancements in technology. Which if you decide to chill there you may learn certain tasks.

In the Military and Security department, you have the sleeping quarters for the gaurds, inorder to be accepted here you are required to go through a years training program, which is held in the rainforest near The Capeditiean Lab (Sector 2) if you decide to do this, you will travel to Sector 2 and advance or die.

In the Supplies Suppliers department, you have the ones who manage the shipments of the food and the items you find in the supply room. More of this would be in Sector 2 if you would like to pursue in this field.

In the Magick department, one must have some magickal experience. We accept all forms of magick, just go there, if you would like. It is a protected area thanks to the Sigil of the Capeditiean Cult.

At the end of the hallway, which is above us currently, we have another flight of stairs leading up to the one and only Robert Bisno. Please do not bother him, he is the overseer to this Sector. Most of the time he is out and about.

This concludes the Basics of Capeditiean Lab Sector 1. Any questions you may have please ask the instructor. Who will let you know just about anything.

The black screen appears once again stating "End of episode."

Episode Eight

Chapter 8.1 Validations of Time May 19 - 23, 2015

I awaken in this wooded area. Not much for me to do but find my surroundings out. My survivalist skills are turned on. No human in sight. Hungry, I have to find food. Searching through the terrain. Disrupted by the horrid cries of a dying bunny. Slipping down this hill, I am face to face with the creature that attacked

the bunny. How I knew this was, deductively seeing the bunny's leg sticking out of this creatures mouth. My first reactions to seeing this... well, I have no idea what type of creature this was. It looked like a giant lizard / hydra mix. Which was apparently a carnivore. Its eyes must have been made to annoy any intelligent life form, whether to distract them, or to call them stupid. Either way the creature appeared to have intelligence. I remained calm because, it seemed to not want to eat humans, as far as I know. On second thought, as the creature heads for me. No weapons, go figure. Sigh... I dodge its charge. I see there is a log stuck in the ground, good thing I didn't fall on it. I pull it out of the ground using enough energy. Which now I have a weapon, I waited for the creature to charge, BOOM! It falls to the ground. FOOD! So I eat it raw. I had no choice but to eat it this way. What? I was hungry. After resting a little bit, I walked a distance. Not quite sure where I will end up.

Hours later, just before dawn, I end up near civilization, next to a bank, there one of those signs stating the time and date. May 19, 2015. The weather meant that I was probably a northern location. I walked to a convenience store, Montana.

Inside the convenience store, I traded the cashier my useless phone, that I don't remember getting for a meal and a pack of smokes. The phone rings...

The ID states, "ANSWER THIS!" The cashier answered it, and started to chat. The cashiers face changed from happy to suspicious as the conversation went on. I finished my sandwich, and quickly scarfed down the candy bar, chugged the soda... I ran out. As I ran out, two black SUVs pull in. "FUCK!" I run back into the forest.

I wait over night for them to leave. Apparently they figure I was not coming back out. That or they were intelligent enough to know that, the forest is one of my strong attributes.

I awaken to find, ChaoZ chilling next to me, chugging some rum. "Hei, we need you at the lab, Sector 2. Haz has been working on certain things and we need you to stop fucking around finding that book for a while and come with me. The book can wait. But first, here is this." He hands me two pieces of paper they are the next two chapters. "How did you..." he cut me off by saying, "I took them." "Why didn't you stop them, when I may have needed you?" "That is because the pages

told me not to." I light up a cigarette and start reading...

Chapter 8.2 Book Three Chapter Twelve

I couldn't get this past ChaoZ reading this, I gave this to him, when he spotted me, placing the other chapters into the machine. Though he was drinking rum. He will tell you on the way back to Sector 2. When I have shown up to place these in. What I will not tell you, just yet at least, is when the others were placed. But they were placed around the same time variable as the others. But I wrote them in the year 2032, during the Extremist / Dogmatic War. It is because of this war, that we are fucking gonna lose everything for the Capeditiean Cult and it's 8 sectors. The third and fourth will be created in 2017, while you are in a coma, unless you change that. The coma part. I highly do not recomend that, since this would impose such great tribulations other wise. At the same time, those tribulations will cause a genocide through biowarfare. Striping the world of over half of its population and a new pandemic disease, created by none other than Rix Reese. What it's syptoms are, a highly infectious cough, which will spread through internal organs, mainly the respiratory organs. Which makes this disease highly fatal and dangerous.

The way to help stop this is to go to Sector 2 as ChaoZ has probably already said. Help Haz with what is needed, you will not recieve another note from me, with the exception of the next chapter which is quite short. It will just tell you where the next one is. But for now, get to Sector 2 as soon as possible, bring the machine.

Book Three Chapter Thirteen

The next chapter will be in france. Being held by a future generation of who have helped me back in the year 1723. Helping me by giving me a place to stay and to help with many things. The chapter will be old, but it will still be legible. I gave it to them when I was trapped there for some time. They will know who you are, I gave them a picture.

Chapter 8.3 Meanwhile... May 23, 2015

"We shall get to the truck that contains that machine." ChaoZ stated as I put the Chapters into the pocket of my long coat. "Okay." We walk out of the forest, and we see the semi truck convieniatly parked down the hill, at a ran down walmart. We swiftly make it to the truck. In the drivers seat we find a gun. ChaoZ unloads it, at the walmart, gets in, I get in, hot wires the truck starts it. Just as we are pulling out, the ones who most likely drove it here, were shooting at us with some pistols. I look in the rear view mirror to make sure they don't pull out a bazooka or some rocket launcher.

"Well we made it out alive." ChaoZ smiled.

Chapter 8.4 Welcome to the Capeditiean Lab (Sector 2)

Hello Fuckers, This is the fucking fucked up area of the Capeditean Cult, The Capeditiean Lab Sector 2. Now, as you sitting in your seats, I shall provide you with some information on what the layout of this Lab is. First you walk through the doors and you are in this room. NOW CLAP DUMBFUCKS! No worries, I walk through that door in the back it leads to two doors, one on the left and one on the right. The one on the right is a vast open space for the agriculture of Sector Two, where you can have the food required, just do not piss off the animals they are trained to rape you... What the fuck was going on through Haz's mind, I have no fucking clue. The Door on the right leads to a stairwell which leads to the second and third floors, the second floor consist of the living spaces, which is already furnished. Up to the third level is a hall way full of traps. Both meanings, yes. There are dangerous traps of both kinds, sometimes Haz would be one for fucks sake. Which is hot. If you can successfully get through this you get to another staircase, on the fourth floor you have the headquarters of the Security training team. If you have surpassed the traps, both kinds... meaning not dying, and possibly getting your rocks off, or straping on a dildo and fucking a trap, you may enjoy that if you would like, hopefully you don't end up in the minefield strategically placed in various random areas... some of you may die. Get through to the fifth level and you have two more doors one leads to the trap center. The

other door leads you through a series of 23 doors which it leads you to Haz's office. Be aware that this full place is fucking dangerous, due to the insecurities of certain groups and folk. You may die, unless by appointment by Haz, though once you find the route to get to the fourth floor then the Security guys and gals will either know you are there by appointment, or if you are a Cult Member or if you are trying to fucking assassinate Haz. Enjoy your joyful day.

Chapter 8.5 At Sector Two. (What fun.) May 25, 2015

ChaoZ and I arrived at the Lab, Haz was waiting outside, talking with a cat. Suddenly the cat danced for us... it was quite impressive. Haz was just getting good at having animals help him. He took us inside, and up to his office. "Well, now that you are here, there are three things I wanna bring up. First, here is this." He handed me an envelope. "In there is two chapters of Book Three... apparently your future self came to me moments ago to tell me that you are on your way over and that I should give you this. Which then you, explained to me about the two chapters and to give you a room with the traps. No, that was my idea. You need to stay here, for the second thing that I am bringing up to you. In about a month, there is a fleet of Frederick Ryson's forces trying to break in here. They should arrive around the twenty-seventh. We need both you and ChaoZ to hold them off with the Security team. Due to the possibility that it will fuck up my masturbation time." Knowing Haz, he takes his masturbation time very seriously. Which if disturbed, shit will hit the fan, spread all across the room and it becomes a shitty situation for whomever disrupts what ever fantasies he has at the time. As we became enthralled by his reasoning, he continues. "Though with this, I will ask you to protect the traps, and make sure they are safe. We don't want them to go crazy over this. Having crazy traps would not be a good thing. Especially since some of them are already crazy..." A moment of silence. "...in bed. That is beyond the point. We don't want this place more damaged than it already is. While we are waiting for this, would you like to send the truck to sector 1, ChaoZ?" "Sure." "Great, Robert can fix it up, and we can provide a support system of some shit and stuff. Now break!"

"Uh... Haz, have you noticed that you only mentioned two things?" I mention as

matter of factly. "O, no worries I will tell you later, go and read the Chapters in your new room." I am escorted by this lovely trap, who by no means could possibly be male... So what do I do? I head into the room, and we fuck. I was forced to be top... since all traps are the same, they like to be bottom. Hours later, as we were laying in bed naked, both of us insecure of our bodies. We end up rushing to put on our clothes. He leaves... with out giving his name, damn he was tight, and knew how to work it and relax much better than me. I learned a few tricks from him though. :D I start reading.

Chapter 8.6 Book Three Chapter Fourteen

Okay I lied about not having them for a while. Due to the dramatic change of what happened as you went to Sector 2, Frederick is now planning an attack, which he holds the last two chapters of this book. You must retrieve it from him or you will be fucked for the deciding factor, Chapter Sixteen will contain the many outcomes for what may happen upon the choices that you have. Chapter Seventeen really is not important, it will just state a story, upon something... Not sure what it will be about yet, but I am going with this as you change the future. At this moment you managed to have a species of alien, take over the world. Which made humanity into slaves. This is not a bother because if you can have Rob fix the machine to help protect you, you may not have to resort in the option of invoking the Echelon once again. Because now, they are with in you. Since you did that practice run. Even though it is around the time to do it again, do not do that. It would not be a good thing. Wait till August, you may not get into a coma. This next Chapter is a sigil, a short simple message to protect you, from a friendly species of alien.

Book Three Chapter Fifteen

AR-e2

F254

4228-6R

3KJL

SK3

0082

4553
M44
M-45
PR2

(On the other side of the page, were sigils corresponding)

Chapter 8.7 How the hell did we get two Capeditiean Labs Built, Maintained, and Supplied in such a short time?

It was quite simple, really. We had found a ran down business, had a few laborers build to our liking and we decided it was good to go. Ironically we have had a few folk already prepar for this years before, building a defined structure and such. Which then we progressed in this short amount of time. Funny how those who work for money take months to repave a small amount of street or redo the interior of a building, they just loligag around and shit, but when it is for a purpose more than money, one wouldn't have to worry about wasting time to get paid more. The only thing different from being a slacker and one who relaxes and takes their time, is the slacker wants the money, the relaxer doesn't want to fuck up their health.

Which brings the point of this, to an onlooker who sees either a slacker or a relaxer, how they see what they are doing is a reflection of what they would do them selves, which they probably did. An ex-slacker would see the person as slacking off, whether they are relaxing or slacking off. So they respond with a horrid expression of saying "Get back to work and quit slacking." One who was once a relaxer, will understand that they are relaxing, which then joins them. How the relaxer would tell if they are slackers or relaxers is how immediate they would return to work.

Now for the difference in progress of the slackers and relaxers. If the slackers are the majority of workers, working on the project, the end result would be done quicker but much more poorly. Which then in a few years to a decade later

another group will have to redo it. The relaxers on the other hand, will take their time and relax but have a finished result which is far more durable and provides a lot more business.

Now this is everyone who is in this roundabout, the customers included. Which the most impatient ones are usually the slackers, since they want it done as soon as possible. But those who are impatient will make mistakes along the way, which causes the domino effect of the ones who are working on the project. For instance the First two books, where strictly a fast paced writing marathon that I did, not much thought was put into it, and then they turned out like that, missing several key points which from the first book, I noticed I have missed a lot. So I covered it in the second book.

These books are basically written very slowly. I took my time, relaxed and everything. Originally I was going to have 23 episodes, but I kinda rushed through part of it, since I wanted to get it done. But I fit it into the story line quite well, I still have a few things to cover, which the idea of this part of the chapter came up, from thinking how the fuck would two large ass labs be built in only 3 months, with complete operations. Thusly, I was too tired to write all this and make it sound quick and wanting to complete it, so I slept on it. Which was quite fascinating because a few hours after waking up I came to this conclusion.

We will now return you to your regular broadcasting.

Episode Nine

Chapter 9.1 The Battle June 27, 2015

BOOM! a cannon fires from a tank strikes the Lab (Sector 2). Ears ringing and shit. The security team assemble their forces from this surprize attack. I grab two swords, then run to the roof, and watch the battle set in motion. There are seven tanks in total, and several milatia prepared to strike. Frederick's and my eyes

meet. Frederick orders his militia to bombard the Lab... Little did he know, we were all on the fourth and fifth floors, with the exception of our best. He smirked at how small our forces were, The Exterminators is what they called them selves. Ryson held back most of his best, since they were training new recruits at another location. To cover that part of the debunking theory that some folk tend to try to do. Any ways, Ryson sends the fleet inside, since the best on our side is currently dismantling the tanks, I may have a very dangerous place my self, since at anytime Frederick could grow some brains and shoot up to where I am at. Which would no be pleasant, though I am high up so there is nothing much to worry about, I sat down and relaxed, since when the fleet reaches the fourth floor, I am gonna be called as their wild card. Which I probably would be needed since I was forced here. Lighting a cigarette, a feel the full place shake.

Hours later, the messenger to inform me was not the messenger I was expecting, maybe the messenger died in battle, I get up and walk calmly. I notice that the only battle was inside, and that Frederick was leaving his troops inside take care of it all, till either we die or they die. This was expected of Frederick, since, well, that is his style. I head downstairs, most of the fight was fist and close range weapon since the Exterminators were out of ammo. The battle field was depleated on both sides, but our warriors were fucked to shit, and being taken to the trap living areas which doubles as the infirmary, now. "Fuck you all!" I scream, and burst into battle slashing the fuck out of about 15 of them, three of ours were having trouble against about 10 of them. I struck six of them swiftly, and resumed the clean up. A lot of them retreated to the fourth floor, for a new tactic. The Exterminators were trained to with hold any form of trauma, trained by going through it, so their battle is not altered at any point. Which gave them the massive skill that they have. Sadly and ironically most of them are far better warriors than we are, but we make up with skill and magick.

We cleared the fifth floor in a manner of days, A hand full of folk and my self travel down to the fourth floor, which as you know is like an obstacle course of insanity. We split up since we each knew the full map of the floor where everything was at. If one of us would be in trouble we would have to go out into the open area where others may help out or trigger a mine buried in the floorboards. Which we knew the exact spots. They would know, but meet death soon afterwards. We took out many of them, left the ones that were on the move to evade us. They will either die or leave or attack one of our newbies in due time.

So we headed back up. I went into Haz's office without knocking, for the reason that we were done playing. "Very good. It took you all a few weeks to stop them. Congrats." I look at Haz's computer, it states it is July 8, 2015. "I shall go for now." Now just wait a moment, Rob has fixed the machine, let that be your transportation destroyer vehicle of destruction and shit." "Okay." I walk out, Haz yells as I leave, "You gotta go to Sector 1 to pick it up."

Chapter 9.2 The Conversation Between Ryson and Reese July 11, 2015

"We shall prepare for the worst to come." Rix Reese states.

"I agree, if whomever that guy is with the sword would try to come here, we may have some problems." Frederick replies. "Which if he does, we will need to provide enough support from our team. Can you supply your full fleet to my squadren?"

"Yes, though it will take some time, about a week at most. "

"Good, then we shall set up the battle grounds and build a strong defence. We are not sure what they have done with that machince. But it is one of the first of it's, kind. If Robert Bisno gets his hands on it, we may be in big trouble. Go and fetch your team. We will meet on the battle field, this time they will be on our territory. I have something that they want. Which they will have to pry it from my dead hands."

"And what should we do about the guy we took from the asylum?"

"He is still being worked on. He should be complete by the start of August. A perfect canidate for our army."

"Very well sir."

Chapter 9.3 At Sector 1 July 14, 2015

"I have assembled and refurished the machine that Carol Beatrice constructed and designed." Robert said as he turned on the light to his office. "I have made a few adjustments for you. This way you can travel faster, and give a more defined attack if you are under attack. Before the 00tech put into this machine, it was like a tank, fucking slow. I received help from 006, 005, and 007 in this. 002 gave the

plans, while the 006, 007, and 005 helped with the grunt work. Just step inside here, and witness the power this has. I equiped it with a gunblade, which shoots plasma beams. Don't pull the red handle, that is if you are needing to eject, but as you can see it is powered by your mind, only thing you have to do is connect this in your spine."

I look at the large cable like thing that has a 2 gage sized needle, that would probably cause some great pain, I cringe. "Now I will put it in you." I nervously laugh from how sexual that comment is, and knowing how sexual Rob is, it really fits...

Jokes aside, the needle cable thing is shoved hard into my spine, I scream out in pain for a moment, but adrenaline is pumping, and it no longer feels painful. Then something magickal happened.

The large machine, which was once the size of a fucking tank, shrinks to the size of my body. I can move like it is my own body, my left hand is a gunblade, and the right is a hand that can grasp things if need be. I turn to look at Rob, who happens to hold a damn rocket launcher... I didn't like how he was pointing it at point blank range for a rocket launcher, which is about 20 or so meters away. He fires, it hits and explodes on me. Which I fell back and felt no pain whatsoever. Cool. "What the fuck Rob? Why?" "I was just testing it out for you, so you don't have to worry about it."

"What else do I need to know before I seek out Frederick?"

"Nothing much else. You will figure out the controls, I shall tell you this now, this is your body from now on, and I will always fix it up for you when you need it."

"Okay, but when I get back be sure to fucking give me an upgrade, to make me completely female."

"Done"

Chapter 9.4 As I get used to the new suit July 14 - 25, 2015

I train against a few test subjects, which are tanks and shit that the others have salvaged in the recent attack. As I destroyed them, my body felt less and less

human, like my skin was slowly withering away or fusing into the suit. It was like the suit was becoming me more and more as I use its abilities. I have become the Godbody.

I was officially having mixed emotions of this new body, a part of me is scared as fuck to see what my original body looks like, another part is telling me to use the powers more and more, another is telling me to kill off humanity, another is telling me to take the suit off, another is telling me to get Frederick Ryon, the last is loving it. I resume training anyways.

Chapter 9.5 The Plot Thickens July 25, 2015

"Here's your food." The guard says as he throws in the food aggressively through the window of the door.

The human inside the door whispers to himself. "And you will be the first I kill when I escape here." Then grabs the tray with the remaining food, and causes it to blow up with a small explosion.

Chapter 9.6 The Preparations on the Exterminator Battlefield July 26 - 29, 2015

Frederick watched in his window as the troops gained experience through extensive training. The battle was set to happen soon, but neither Rix or himself would know when it will take place. The training consisted of each militant to fight each other to the death, if you win three fights without dying, you are accepted automatically. Little did he know there was a traitor in this grouping. So far there was over a thousand troops awaiting for command, and another three thousand waiting for the battle of champions. Too often one would get injured, but lose the next fight. As time passed by they were building a super army. But Frederick had something up his sleeve. He hired a few scientist, well, he sorta forced them to join, one of these scientists were Carol Beatrice.

Chapter 9.7 In the Chambers of the Asylum. July 29, 2015

There were screams of pain, from several individuals. Mainly the ones who survived from the battle of champions. Others who went through trauma and are being held. Which one guest in particular was taken captive, his name was forgotten. He didn't scream any scream of pain whatsoever. Though he did scream, which was quite interesting, because he only screamed out screams of pleasure. The Three Scientists huddled over his body that is strapped to the table. There is a clear view of his left arm. Well, what is left of it. It was surgically removed. Just below the elbow. They did not use any anesthetics, since by far he has not once shown any sign of pain. One of the scientist bring a gun blade to his side, as they were sizing it up, he jolted. This scared the Scientists and caused them to flee the room. As soon as they left the room, one of the guards outside of the room, comes in and hits this guy with the butt of his gun, right on the jaw, both knocking him out and slightly disfiguring his face.

Chapter 9.8 Searching for Allies to Join in The Battle July 30 - August 5, 2015

I decided to walk, yes walk about 500 miles to Boulder. Don't worry, the suit used the least amount of energy so I didn't grow tired or hungry as easily. The only thing that bothered me, which really was only a small bother was, that the skin of my body is permanently metallic. Which off and on I would freak out because of this. Onlookers would hide their kids and themselves... nothing new. I arrived at the shop again. All the sudden, I was hit with dejavu with what happened before traveling to Mallory cave. Terra runs out... "Cyn? What happened to you? How do you pee? Shit, you are turning me on..." At this time, it was different, from that moment on, not because of the cuteness of Terra, but because the great foreboding feeling I got from stepping into the shop. I didn't see Pa or Ma. "Where is Ma and Pa?" "They are currently gone, been gone for a few weeks. It is strange because they said they would be back by now." My mind thought a million

outcomes in less than a minute, by the next minute I knew where they were.
"Come with me Terra. Be prepared, you may be surprised as to where they are."

We walked a few blocks, to the nearby mountains, where I first transformed into the big shadowy thing. They were not there, but I remember seeing a path leading deeper into the forest. We walked through there, which lead us to this big area full of trees, and a shack large enough to be a conference area for a few hundred folk. We came barging in, and my thoughts were correct. Everyone in the room turned to look towards us. Ma and Pa confront Terra. The rest were aghasted by my appearance. Then, Terra rose and said, "Cyn has something to say." I don't remember telling her what I needed to say, I guess she could tell by my anxiety. I walk to the pedestal, on the other side of the room. Every one looked as though I may explode or turn into a giant robot planning to seek revenge upon them for some awful reason. I started, "I am seeking allies, for an upcoming battle. And would require some help from as many of you willing to die for a cause that can change the outcome of reality." I step down, every one of them, were looking dumbfounded. Ma, Pa, Terra, and a few others stood by my side. One of those who joined stated, "We can stop the Exterminators before they do too much damage."

There was a total uproar, which then led most of them to help us. We head out and chilled at the area where I first changed into the shadowy creature. Various conversations happened. Mainly a few groups made their own plans for an attack. Since well, Sigils know so much through astral projection and several other abilities. One group was prepared already. "We will go ahead and become the first wave. This way we can surprise them." said one of them. I seen their determination in their faces, and said, "Okay." I already knew they were willing to sacrifice themselves and didn't need to bring it up. Call it intuition.

Ma and I started conversating upon the ability that she has of transforming her body to make it into weapons, Pa and the others in our group are developing plans. The three other groups are relaxing or training their combat abilities, they have their plans, just waiting for the distress signal from the first group. Since our group is the last to go, we are conversating upon the plan to get me to Frederick

Ryson.

Chapter 9.9 The Battlefront (Exterminators vs. The First Wave of Sigils) August 2, 2015

The Battle starts, it was just over two thousand Exterminators to just over a hundred Sigils. The battle was not in our favor. Which the Sigils, used their abilities, giving each other protection from bullets, and some heavy artillery. This helped, because most of the Exterminators use guns, some used blades and preferred close combat. While the Sigils used projection magick. Shooting beams of energy, balls of energy, elemental energy. This helped, took out most of the front lines. The numbers were getting closer together, just a little. Which just an hour after battle initiation, there are just under seven hundred Exterminators, and a few more than fifty Sigils.

Then the worst happened, the Exterminators brought out a tank, took out half the Sigils. Then five Sigils used telekinesis on the tank and caused it to go into a rapid fire. The Sigils had to let down their defences which they were provided with some minor protection from the remaining Sigils. Which they used the tank on the Exterminators, bringing the number down to nearly five hundred, three other tanks come and fire simultaneously at the Sigils, defeating them all.

After they were wiped out, the Exterminators all regrouped, and the battle was over. We all had a gut wrenching feeling, as the Sigils who were in battle, die tragically. "I think the waves two through four go, we will follow soon after." Pa exclaimed, everyone agreed. Ma then cried out, "PREPARE FOR BATTLE!" War cries erupted.

"Just what are they planning?" Frederick questioned to the air.

The Screen goes black and states, "To be continued..."

Episode Ten

Chapter 10.1 The Epic Battle (Exterminators verses Sigils) August 6 - August 9, 2015

Primarily, the Exterminators have nearly seven hundred troops and twenty tanks. Where there were a total of four hundred and sixty Sigils and Cyn. But the group with Cyn are not going to show up till later...

The Sigils appear on the Battlefield catching the Exterminators by surprise. This tactic caused the Exterminators' numbers to drop drastically, the tanks prepare to strike, but the Sigils were prepared, destroying half the tanks, which in response caused the Sigils' numbers to drop to just a few more than one hundred, not including Cyn's group. This brought a lot of bloodshed on the battlefield, all that were left were the hand to hand combatants of the Exterminators, which posed as a threat, since they were trained for this kind of thing, thanks to the time given on nullifying magickal attacks. A well thought precaution that Frederick and Rix both thought of.

Just hours later the numbers were disturbingly low, while a handful of Sigils have left the battlefield, since they were either injured or helping the injured. Only 6 Sigils are holding up. While the Exterminators still have 3 tanks and about seventy militants. Which the remaining Sigils are fighting till their death. They take out another tank, once they do this, a dozen Exterminators swiftly attack kamikazi style killing half the Sigils, each of the Exterminators die. The three Sigils flee back into the trees and rest, hidden. The exterminators stand guard.

Back inside the Exterminator Base inside the asylum, Frederick walks through the caged door at the entrance of the Asylum, releases all but the one, who is not ready yet. Tells all nine of them, "Go forth and find the three remaining Sigils, and KILL THEM!"

The three Sigils awaken to find a creepy looking guy standing over them, masturbating. The Sigil sends an energy beam straight through his penis. He cries

out, two other creepy guys come rushing in. Then boom, they explode. Pa walks in behind the others in Cyn's wave come from behind. We each prepare for the battle ahead. The calm before the storm. As they call it. We are quiet enough to not be heard from the Exterminators, and possibly, those creepy guys.

"We brought them down to just sword play. There are still two tanks, but I am sure if a few of us focus on those, while the rest of us focus on killing off the rest of the squadren, we will have cleared the path for Cyn to take out Ryson." One of the Sigils who was in the previous battle.

"I think we may need to take shifts, just in case we are attacked, those who are asleep then can sleep soundly, this would remain in effect till we come up with a stragedy. If they know our whereabouts now, we would need to have a defence." One said. "I agree," another said. "We shall have 10 during the night stand guard, while the other 13 of us would stand guard during the day." Pa mentions.

In the end we decided the ones who are more powered by the moon would stand watch during the night, while the ones powered by the sun would stand watch during the day.

This went on for the next few nights, then we discussed our final plans for the attack.

We rush out, striking the Exterminators that are in our way, this brought us to the front doors pretty quickly, just as planned. Which then we opened the gate, and staring right in front of our faces, is the last tank, with a few men on the sides prepared to shoot. "Go ahead Cyn!" Ma yelled, "Don't forget what I have taught you." "Okay, take care of things out here." I rush in through the door up the staircase, to the right, and barge into the first door I seen. No one. Head to the second door, third, fourth, fifth... no one. I reach the end of the hall, and barge through the door and yell out "okay, now prepare to die..." I noticed that no one is there, "Shit." I run out of the room, and go to the left of the stairs, and there was a spiral stair case, I decided it was a great idea not to go up them, partly because it has always happened in many books where you go up the spiral staircase and some idiot blows your brains out. This was not how I wanted to end,

so I headed for the only door at the end of the hall... which lead down to a darkened area, a jailcell type sliding door at the foot of the stairs. I bust open the door with emence power, and look for a spot to put it. I place it down catycorner to the wall and the cage, I walk in. There were nine open doors, I was suddenly attacked from behind. I dodged it, and turned around to find Rix was hold a large axe, that was probably made in the late 1600's for execution. He smirked, and laughed maniacally.

Meanwhile, the Sigils above ground were defying gravity and slowly taking out the remaining Exterminators. Just a hand full left. Ma and Pa, send Terra and a few others back. Since the remaining seven can take care of the remaining thirty Exterminators.

"You know what, Cyn. I really liked you, but now I know who you are and probably should have killed you a while back. But no, you tricked me and you are going to die." Rix aggresively said. I looked at him, shifted my hand into a sword and cut his right hand off. The hand and the axe fell to the ground with a thud. Rix throws a smoke grenade at my feet. Which stops my vision, the next thing I know I am shoved into one of the rooms, and hit hard against the wall. Before I could get to my feet, the door shuts. "Fuck."

The remaining Sigils finish the rest off, knowing what I said, to not let them come in to find me after defeating them all, they would not. Knowing this, I was not entirely certain how long I will be in here.

Rix stumbles up the stairs, through the hall, blood gushing, up the spiral staircase, in through the door. Frederick looks at him. "I knew this would happen. I am done with you three." He shoots all three of the scientists. Which he turns around and says to Rix. "I knew this would happen as well..." shoots Rix.

I am stuck in this padded room for hours, when I notice the door open, it is Frederick aiming a gun at me. For some strange reason he lowered his gun, sat next to me, and informed me, "You know, Cyn. I wish I could kill you, but my fate is sealed, you will kill me after telling you this, but instead I will give you this." He hands me this page...

Chapter 10.2 Book Three Chapter Sixteen

Well, funny thing... Frederick, you happen to have this, I ask you to read this in full and accept your fate. This is just to let you know that my past self I have sent to kill you. Even if you seem to accept your fate of death. You have succeeded in not destroying all of humanity. I have given my self instructions on what to do. You may now know that you will require to die in order to save billions of lives. I have given you the last two chapters of Book Three, willingly, and this chapter is fully for you. The next, is for my past self. You may read it. So you know how this will turn out in anyway possible. Thank You for understanding.

Chapter 10.3 ...closing

I look up towards where Frederick was. He had the gun pointed to his head. While a piece of paper was burning... his last words were, "Good Luck." BOOM!

I stand to try to save the page, it was completely illegible. "Fuck!" I leave the place...

Chapter 10.4 The Cliffhanger

The closed door to the asylum opens, a guy with a mask over his mouth, with medium lengthed hair, and a mechanical gunblade. Wearing a white shirt that has a large green "B," jeans, and a cape. He says... "I will find you, and kill you!"